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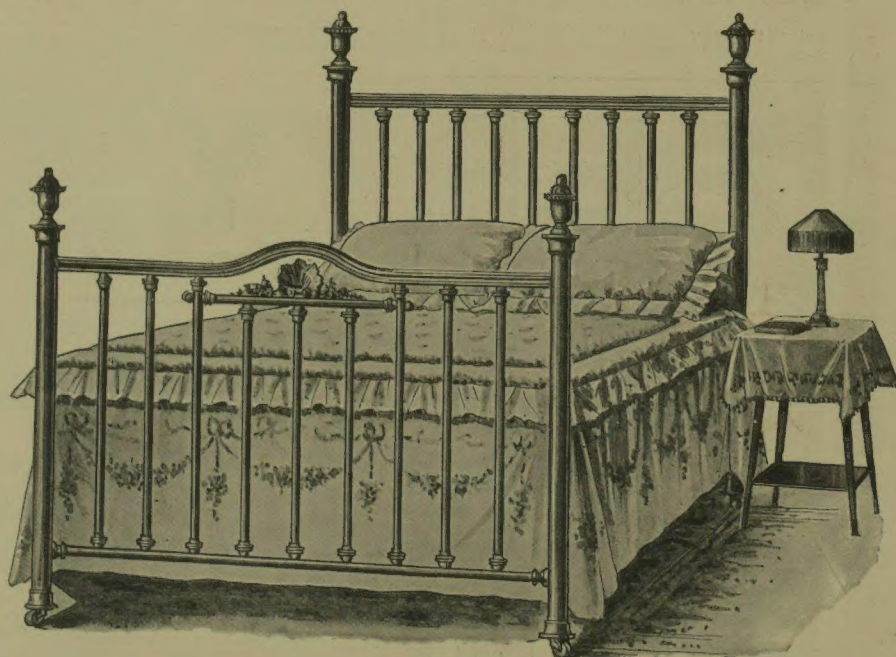
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OUR SUMMER SUPPLEMENTS.

NOTHING could be more seasonable than the two
pictures which we present to our readers with
this our Summer Number. If spring be the period in
which, as Tennyson says, "a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love," by the time the leafy month
of June arrives he has progressed further on the prim-
rose way; not, indeed, it may be hoped, as far as the
everlasting bonfire, but to that romantic point when
he begins to commit his amorous inclinations to paper,
and writes letters to his lady-love. Therefore our re-
production of Mr. G. A. Storey's delightful picture,
"The Love-Letter," may be said to be particularly
appropriate at this season. Even more suggestive of
summer is our Coloured Plate, whose subject even the
hardy exponents of winter-bathing in the Serpentine
could scarcely mistake for anything but a scene essen-
tially typical of the golden time that comes 'twixt
spring and autumn. In "A Nereid of the Summer
Seas" the artist has succeeded, by means of broad
effects in a few simple colours, in transferring to his
canvas the very atmosphere of a dazzling summer's
day; while, as for his Nereid, she calls to mind
Shakespeare's lines—

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

M. Simont, who has painted this charming picture,
is the well-known French artist who is at present
making a series of studies of our national life for *The
Illustrated London News*.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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to July 3. Full particulars see Daily Press.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the unabated demand for seats, Mr. Tree has determined
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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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At 8.30. ADMIRAL PETERS.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.

THE NEW PALACE OF THE ARTS AND
CRAFTS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(See Illustrations.)

SIR ASTON WEBB, R.A., the renowned architect of
the new Victoria and Albert Museum, has most skil-
fully fitted his building to the exigencies of the site. The
great bowed principal façade he has divided into four
bays, with a Grand Portal in the centre, rising up to
a lofty and open lantern. Above the sky-line balustrade
are four Roman domes and two Tuscan campanili—the
latter very clever adaptations of utilitarian adjuncts—
lifts. The great red-brick band immediately under the
cornice very finely sets off the sculptured pageant of
the arts and crafts, which itself is reminiscent of the
handiwork of the builders of the old French castles.

Upon the summit of the lantern is a colossal figure,
ten feet high, emblematic of "Fame." She is clothed
in flowing draperies, and in her hands she holds a laurel-
wreath and a palm-branch. Two dignified figures,
symbolical of "Architecture" and "Sculpture," occupy
niches beneath the base of the lantern. The three
statues are the work of Professor E. Lanteri, the gifted
and urbane Master of Modelling at the Royal School
at South Kensington, and the master, for thirty-five
years, of our living British sculptors.

Within a sculptured triptych, just below the great
cornice, are three stately statues. In the centre,
"Victoria the Good," imperially crowned and robed,
has for supporters ideal figures of "St. George" and
"St. Michael"—the holy guardians of our weal at home
and across the seas. They are the excellent impressionist
work of Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A.

At the Queen's feet, overtopping the Grand Portal,
are two spandrels with sculptured high-reliefs of "Truth"
and "Beauty"—the fine creations of Sir G. Frampton,
R.A. By a quaint conceit, "Truth" is the woman and
"Beauty" the man!

Flanking the Grand Portal, on either side, are well-
posed and skilfully chiselled statues of King Edward VII.
and Queen Alexandra, by Mr. W. Goscombe John.
His Majesty is in his Coronation robes and carries the
Imperial crown; the Queen, regally attired, holds a fan—
which, as a matter of fact, her Majesty rarely uses!

Between the great square mullioned windows of the
second tier, and in a line with their Majesties, are
architectural niches, which, like theirs, are the work of
Mr. W. S. Frith, who is responsible, by the way, for the
chiselled decorative work both without and within the
new Museum. Inside each niche is a characteristic
personification, in stone, of thirty-two British notables—
architects, sculptors, painters, and craftsmen—the work
of living British sculptors. This "pageant" sets out
with, first of all, six statues of apostles of the Master
Fine Art—Architecture, in the following order, viewed
from the Oratory end of the façade: "William of Wyke-
ham" (1324-1404) and "John Thorne" (1574-1610), by
Mr. J. W. Rollins; "Inigo Jones" (1573-1652) and
"Christopher Wren" (1632-1723), by Mr. O. Wheatley;
and "William Chambers" (1726-1760) and "Charles
Barry" (1795-1860), by Mr. G. Bayes.

Ten painters—divided into two ranges by the Grand
Portal—represent British Masters of Pigment: "William
Hogarth" (1697-1764) and "Joshua Reynolds" (1723-
1792), by Mr. R. Sheppard; "Thomas Gainsborough"
(1727-1781) and "George Romney" (1734-1802), by
Mr. S. N. Babb; "Richard Cosway" (1740-1834)
and "J. M. W. Turner" (1775-1851), by Mr. E. Gil-
lick; "John Constable" (1776-1837), by Mr. V. Hill;
"George F. Watts" (1817-1904), by Mr. R. Goulden;
"Frederick Leighton" (1830-1896), by Mr. S. Boyes;
and "James E. Millais" (1829-1896), by Mr. J. A.
Stevenson.

Six Master Sculptors come next in order: "Grinling
Gibbons" (1648-1720) and "John Bacon" (1740-1799),
by Mr. W. S. Frith; "John Flaxman" (1755-1826) and
"Francis Chantrey" (1781-1842), by Mr. A. B. Pegram;
and "John H. Foley" (1818-1874) and "Alfred Stevens"
(1818-1875), by Mr. J. Gamble.

Turning the corner into Exhibition Road, we have the
minor façade of the new Museum, with its beautiful open-
work screen joining the College of Science. Here in the
same treatment are ten craftsmen, distinguished in
various artistic callings: "St. Dunstan" (924-988) and
"William Torel" (1290-?), by Mr. J. Lyon-Jenkins;
"William Caxton" (1422-1491) and "George Heriot"
(1563-1624), by Mr. P. R. Montford; "Huntingdon
Shaw" (1648-1710) and "Thomas Tompion" (1639-
1713), by Mr. A. Broadbent; "Thomas Chippendale"
(2-1779) and "Josiah Wedgwood" (1730-1795), by Mr.
A. H. Hodge; and "Roger Payne" (1739-1797) and
"William Morris" (1834-1896), by Mr. A. G. Walker.

The sculptures of the Grand Portal proper are the
work of Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A. The "idea" is the
dedication of the noble palace and its incomparable
treasures to the imperishable memory of the princely
founder of the Museum.

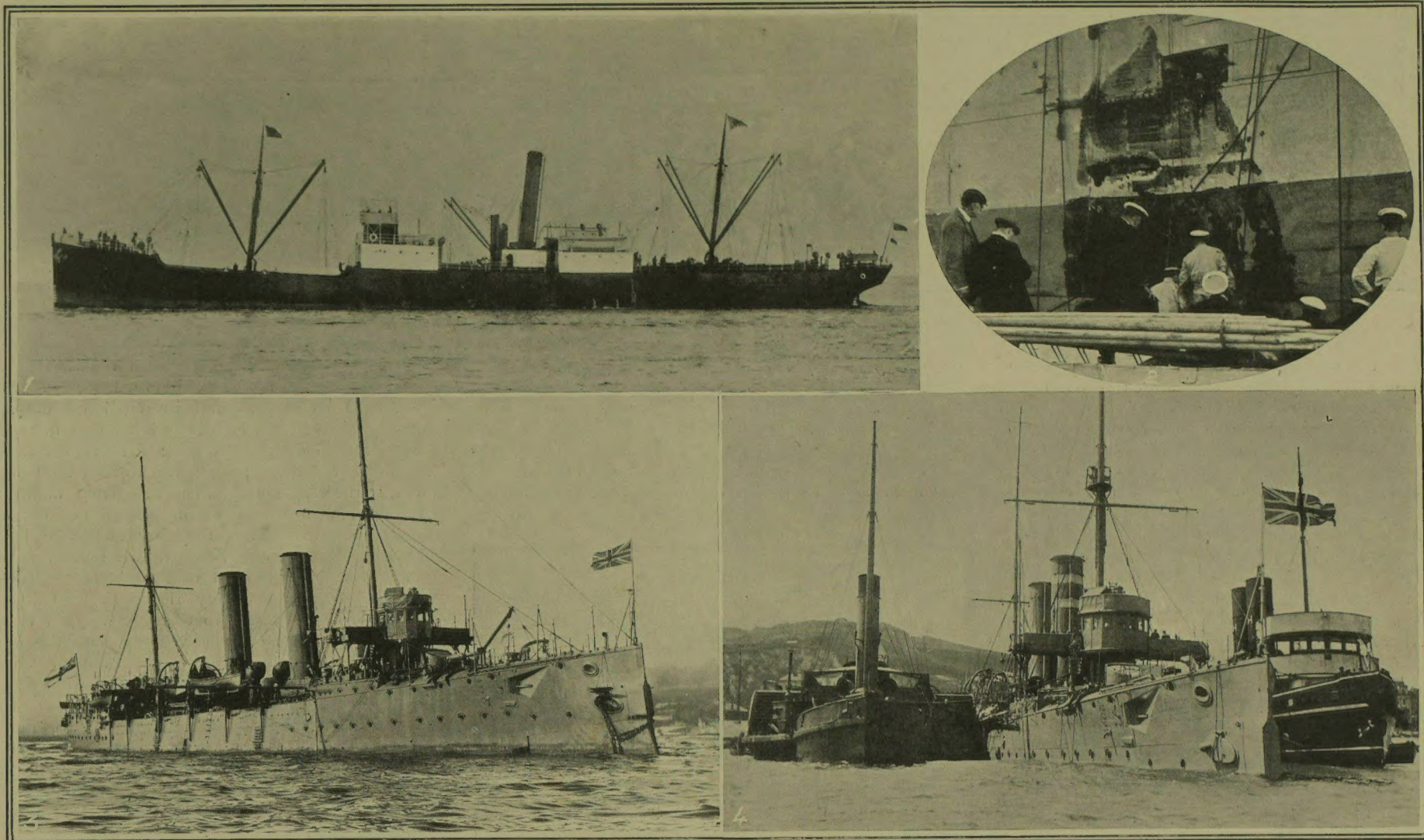
Father of our Kings-to-be no less than foster-father of
all British arts and crafts, "Albert the Good," Prince
Consort of revered Queen Victoria, occupies the place of
honour immediately over the great entrance-doors. Clad
in the robes of a Knight of the Garter, and holding in his
hands the Report of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and the
Charter of the Museum, the Prince gazes upward, as was
his wont, with an intensity of purpose which is idealised
in stone by the other eleven subjects of the portal.

Within canopied niches are two noble-looking women,
emblematic of "Inspiration" and "Knowledge"—the
two mainsprings of the Prince's work. The archivolt
has a band of nine stone panels whose sculptured story
links "Inspiration" and "Knowledge." Casting over in
his mind every conceivable dedicatory legend, the wit of
the architect fastened upon the trenchant formula of Sir
Joshua Reynolds: "The excellency of every Art must
consist in the complete accomplishment of its purpose."

This felicitous motto Mr. Drury has cut in stone—to
be read of all men. Splendid women and vigorous
children are his exponents—gazing whereupon, all who
enter this majestic temple of art are inspired with
motives to guide their steps through its courts and
galleries.

EDGUMBE STALEY.

A COLLISION AT SEA; AND A "SECRET" MEETING OF MONARCHS.



1. THE "SAPPHO" THAT COLLIDED WITH THE "SAPPHO": THE WILSON LINE STEAMER "SAPPHO."

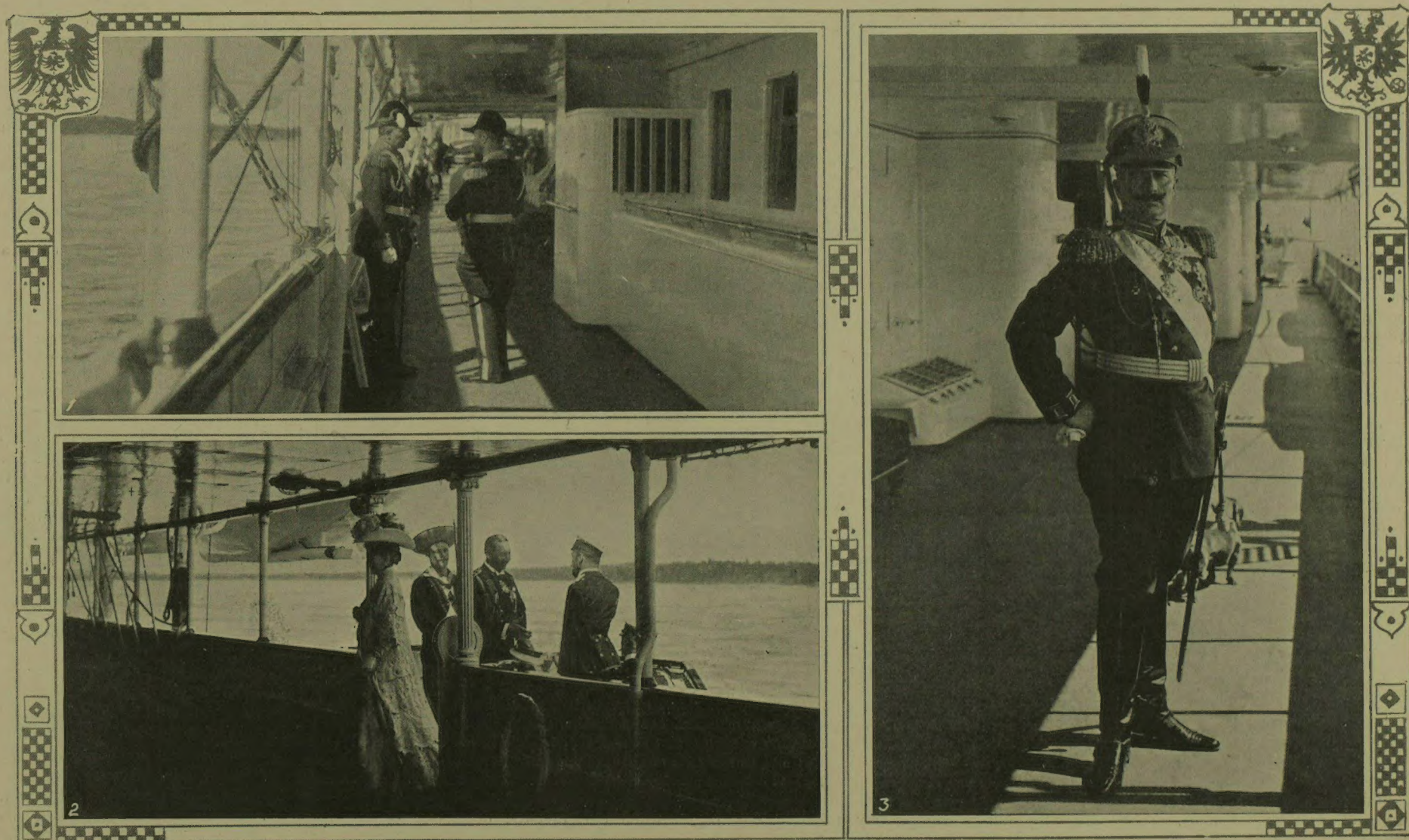
2. H.M.S. "SAPPHO," SHOWING DAMAGE DONE TO HER BY THE S.S. "SAPPHO."

3. BEFORE THE COLLISION THAT DAMAGED HER: H.M.S. "SAPPHO," SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF HER PORTHOLES FROM THE WATER UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS.

4. THE CRUISER AND HER CRUTCHES: H.M.S. "SAPPHO" IN HARBOUR AT DOVER, SHOWING HOW NEAR TO THE WATER WAS HER LOWER LINE OF PORTHOLES.

AN UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE: THE COLLISION BETWEEN H.M.S. "SAPPHO" AND THE S.S. "SAPPHO."

The second-class cruiser "Sappho" and the Wilson line steamer "Sappho," of Hull, were in collision on Saturday night of last week, off Dungeness. There was a dense fog at the time. The merchant- steamer was uninjured, but it was necessary to ground the cruiser in Dover Harbour. As, fortunately, is usual on such occasions, the crew of the war-ship behaved extremely well, with the result that no lives were lost and no one was injured.—[PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, AND 4, BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU; NO. 3, BY HOPKINS.]



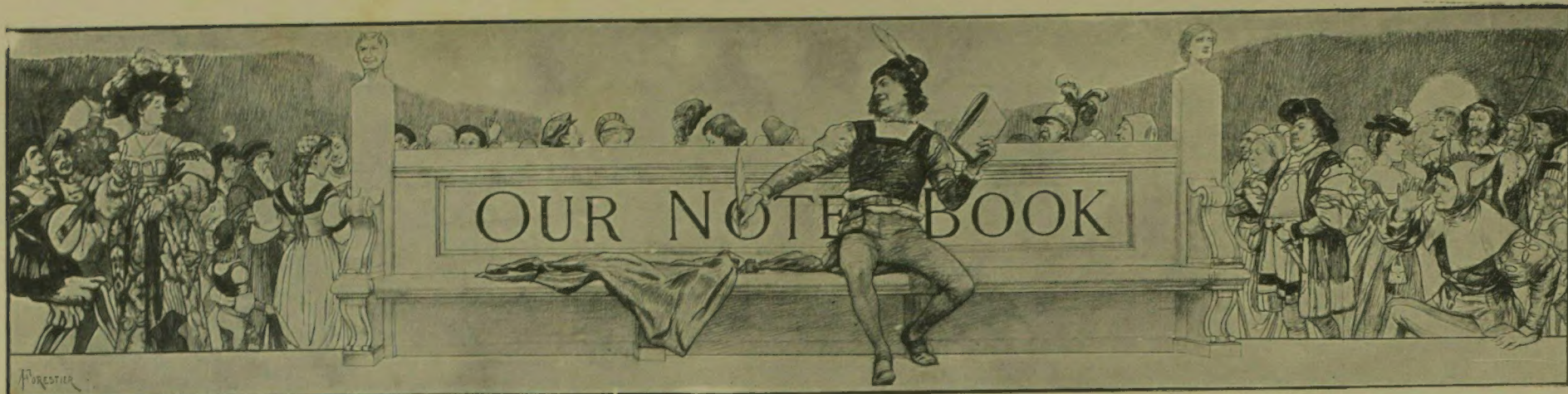
1. A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION: THE TSAR AND THE KAISER ABOARD THE GERMAN IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN."

2. THE FIRST OF THE TWO VISITS: THE KAISER RECEIVING THE TSAR ON THE "HOHENZOLLERN."

3. AS HE WAS WHEN HE WENT ON BOARD THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT "STANDART": THE KAISER IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM.

"THE MEETING OF THE MONARCHS WAS MOST FRIENDLY. THEIR MAJESTIES EMBRACED THRICE":
THE TSAR AND THE KAISER AT BJÖRKO.

The much-discussed meeting between the Tsar and the Kaiser took place in Finnish waters on Thursday of last week. The Russian Imperial yacht "Standart" was anchored near Björko. On the arrival of the German Imperial yacht "Hohenzollern," the Tsar went aboard, remaining on the vessel for half an hour. Immediately afterwards, the Kaiser returned the visit, and went aboard the "Standart." The official account of the Imperial meeting states: "The meeting of the monarchs was most friendly. Their Majesties embraced thrice." On the evening of the 17th the Tsar gave a banquet on the "Standart."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

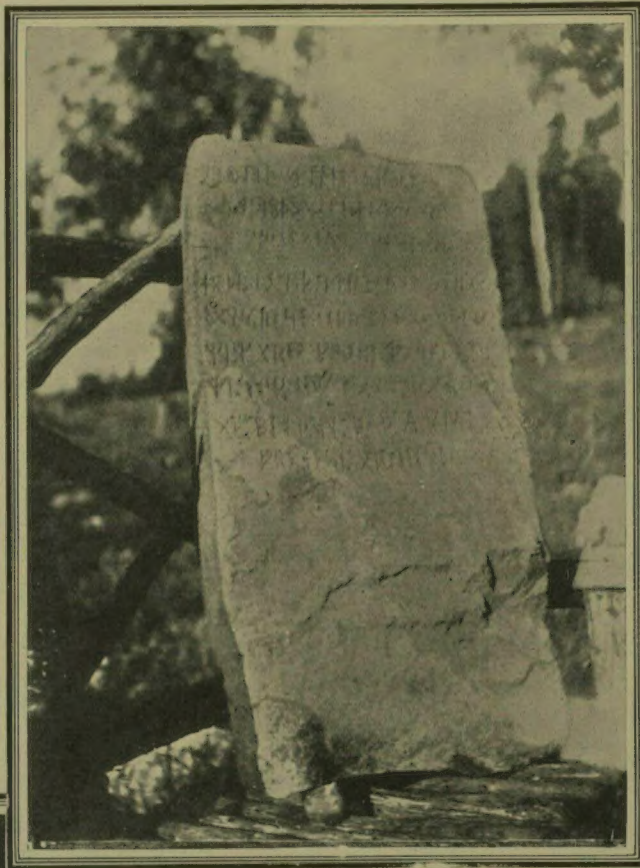
IT is sometimes said that our age is too fond of amusement: but there are further facts to be remembered. One of them is this: that it so often happens that the amusing entertainments are the only places where the serious truth is told. If it were really a question between hearing a statesman talk sense and hearing a clown talk nonsense I think I should sometimes, perhaps often—say once in thirty times—wish to hear the statesman. But it is not that: it is a question between hearing the statesman talk nonsense that I am not allowed to laugh at and the clown talk nonsense that I am allowed to laugh at. I would rather hear Mr. Gus Elen than listen to a paper read before the Charity Organisation Society, not merely because Mr. Elen is more amusing than the Charity Organisation Society, but because I am sure that he knows more about the English poor. He has more Charity, though less Organisation. He is less of an official, but more of an expert. I would rather read a comic paper than a grave, prosperous Imperial paper Big with Our British Destiny: because the truth sometimes gets into the comic paper by accident. And I am very sure that the fantastic picture of the Press, put before the footlights for the frivolous, in the play called "The Earth," spoke of some real things that were never mentioned in the whole of the Press Conference.

The fact is that we have reached so high and rarefied a condition of humbug that the most serious things we have left are the comic things. Some of the most serious are the comic songs. When (a little while ago) the popular singer exclaimed, "You can depend on Young Australia," he uttered a pedantic political theory which is probably untrue. But when he said, "Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?" he uttered a real *cri de cœur* which resounds from many homes, rich and poor, and which is really tragic as well as really comic. The Return of Bill Bailey was as human and eternal as the Return of Ulysses. And it was certainly much more human and eternal than the mere speculation about Australia; because in that the right process was reversed. Heroes, like Ulysses, are adventurous and exciting because they are trying to get home. Imperialists, ne'er-do-weels, filibusters, etc., are dull and uninteresting because they are trying to get away from home. Centripetal people are jolly. Centrifugal people are a bore.

It is the same, of course, with innumerable cases; but I have not kept up my attendance at the Halls, and the comic songs I remember are old ones. Old or new, however, they illustrate the same point: that in our society the wise are talking folly, and only the fools, the avowed and professional fools, are occasionally talking wisdom. Take any question you like to mention; take capital punishment. Personally, I am against hanging, though I admit that it would be enormously improved if it were public hanging. But none of the arguments on either side of that question ever give the main fact as it appears to the great masses of the people. The defenders of Capital Punishment talk as if every execution were an awful and separate act of justice. The

opponents of Capital Punishment talk as if every execution were a special and fiendish violation of mercy. Both assume that the spirit of the thing will at least be dreadful and exact.

While I endeavour to detach and define this unreal element on both sides of the question, there floats



WAS AMERICA DISCOVERED BEFORE COLUMBUS REACHED ITS SHORES? RUNIC STONE WITH NORSE INSCRIPTION OF 1362 FOUND IN MINNESOTA.

At the Chicago Historical Society Professor Holand is exhibiting a Runic stone which, he believes, confirms the theory that Norsemen discovered America long before Columbus. The stone was found by some farmers at Kenosha, Minnesota, and it bears the following inscription: "Eight Goths and twenty-two Norwegians upon an expedition of discovery from Vineland. We had a camp by two rocks in the water one day's journey north from this stone. We were fishing one day. When we returned, we found ten men red with blood and dead. Ave Maria! Save us from evil." On the reverse of the stone was: "We have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel, 41 days journey from this island. Year 1362." Professor Holand says the stone was found embedded in the roots of an ancient tree, and could not possibly have been "planted." He is assured of its genuineness.

across my mind a bar of beautiful old melody, of which the words (I think) were these—

When we come to Newgate Street,
Jest to give the kids a treat,
We showed 'em where their uncle 'e was 'ung.

I will not deny that here is something of the ecstasy and exaggeration of the artist. Probably it is not true that any poor people regard the gallows in the family with quite so much cheerful simplicity as that. But it

is absolutely true that poor people regard the penal system, which is now everywhere hung over their heads, as an enormous and irrational calamity, like the calamities of Nature. They know that in practice only poor men do get hanged: that is because we have left off killing people for treason and heresy and all the sins of gentlemen. They know that the poor men who get hanged are not the worst poor men, but simply the poor men who happen to have thrown chisels or drawn knives, or used pokers, or had the best of it in a kicking match. Therefore the poor, very rightly, regard hanging as the sort of thing that might happen to anybody—provided he is poor. Therefore the phrase in the comic song is not so much of an exaggeration. One can really almost imagine an obscure family saying, "This is where Uncle Joseph was hung," just as they might point out a pool and say, "This is where Uncle Joseph was drowned," or indicate a cliff, saying, "This is where Uncle Joseph was dashed to pieces," or even point to a battlefield, saying, "This is where Uncle Joseph was shot." The thing is on the nerve of the truth; the poor do feel punishment as a mere flying fatality. They talk of being in prison as being "in trouble." And the real case against capital punishment in our time is simply that—that the mass of men do not feel it as a law, but as an accident. I am sure we must be hanging on the wrong principle, at any rate, for mankind can discover no principle when we hang.

Instances are numberless. I have only space for another. It is the modern squabble between the elder and the younger generation, especially in the case of women—the thing which was called in my youth Revolt of the Daughters. I am not going to discuss the female question any more in this column; but I may remark one fact about both sides in it. They are both colossally serious. To hear young women talk one would think that there was no such thing as a frivolous girl. To hear the old women talk you would think that there was no such thing as a vulgar and funny old woman. Every girl is as grave as Joan of Arc; and every mother as solemn as the Mother of the Gracchi. It is when my mind is stretched to the sternest acceptance of these things that a small and distant tune begins to run in my head, a tune from the remote days of my boyhood, and which shapes itself into some such sentences as these—

Think of me, old Mother Scrubbs,
A-joining these 'ere totty-clubs.
Fancy me deserting the pubs
At my time of life!

That washes and purifies me like
a great wind. That recalls the
great fact which we have all forgotten;
that one can grow, as one grows older,
at once more comic and more sensitive to comicality.

One of the few gifts that can really increase with old age is a sense of humour. That is the whole fun of belonging to an ancient civilisation, like our own great civilisation of Europe. In my vision I see Europa still sitting on her mighty bull, the enormous and mystic mother, from whom we come, who has given us everything from the Iliad to the French Revolution. And from her awful lips I seem to hear the words—

Fancy me deserting the Pubs
At My time of life!

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK



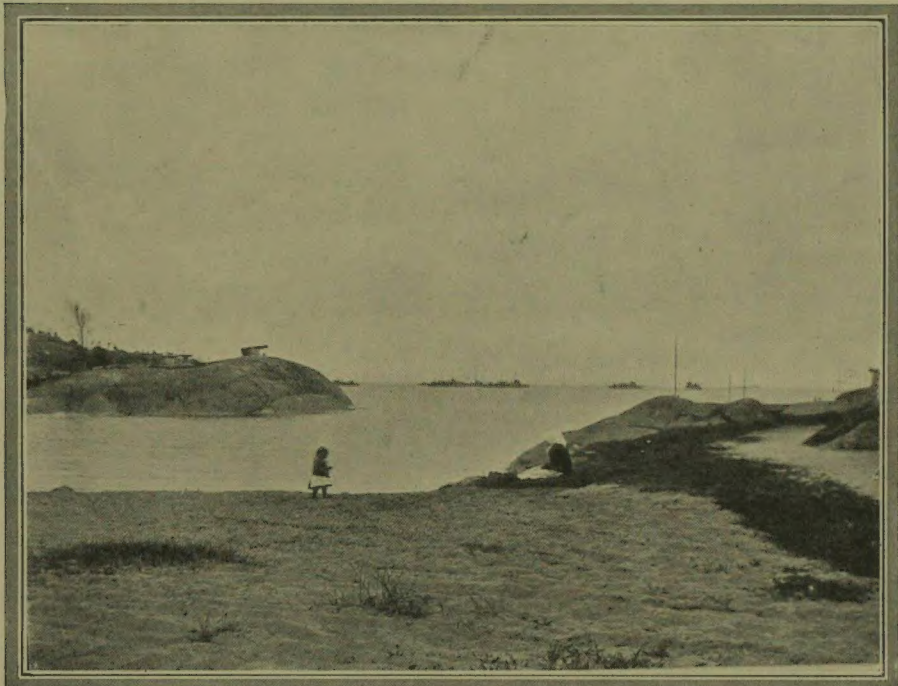
Photo, World's Graphic Press.

MEN WHO WOULD STRENGTHEN THE FRIENDLY FEELINGS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE GREAT RUSSIAN EMPIRE: THE MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA AND OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE WHO ARE ON A VISIT TO LONDON. Those Russian deputies who are now in London were welcomed on Monday last by Lord Weardale, who hoped that their visit would strengthen the friendly feelings between England and the great Empire of Russia. In the front row in the photograph (reading from left to right and beginning with the second figure) are Lord Weardale, M. Nicholas Homiakoff, President of the Duma, M. Paul Milyukoff, President of the Constitutional party, and M. Joseph Montwill, of the Polish party.



Photo, Crisp.

THE LAST WINNER OF THE WOODEN SPOON: MR. C. L. HOLTHOUSE, OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. The reading of the Mathematical Tripos list in the Senate House, Cambridge, last week, was of particular interest, as in future there will be no Senior Wrangler, and, consequently, no winner of the wooden spoon.



OF THE GROUP OF RUSSIAN WAR-VESSLS THAT FIRED UPON THE BRITISH CARGO-STEAMER "WOODBURN."

A vessel of the Russian Imperial Squadron (stationed at the moment in Pitkapaas Bay) opened fire on the British steamer "Woodburn" on Wednesday of last week. The official Russian statement has it that the British vessel, having committed an offence against prescribed regulations, was signalled to heave to, that she did not do so, and that the guard-ship thereupon fired first three blank shots and then a live shell. A stoker aboard the "Woodburn" was wounded. The vessel herself was little damaged. Various questions have been asked in Parliament.



Photo, Biard.

THE GREAT AUTEUIL RACECOURSE STRIKE: FIREMEN PUTTING OUT THE BURNING "BULLFINCH."

On Sunday last, there was a remarkable scene on the Auteuil racecourse, engineered, it is alleged, by the irreconcilable "King" Pataud. A number of stable-boys went on strike, and the Auteuil Grand Steeplechase, the French Grand National, was delayed for hours, the stable-boys having "held up" the horses. There were scenes of riot on the course, and order had to be restored by mounted municipal guards and infantry. It is feared that some similar attempt to prevent racing will take place to-morrow, on the occasion of the Grand Prix, and it was stated that 30,000 union men would be on the course.



CELEBRATING THE JUBILEE OF THE OPENING OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE: THE KING INSPECTING THE CADET CORPS.

The jubilee of the opening of Wellington College was celebrated on Monday last, the King and Queen taking part in the rejoicings. The foundation-stone of the College was laid by Queen Victoria in 1856. The King, now Visitor, was President from 1864 until he ascended the Throne. The present President is the Duke of Connaught, who is shown in both our photographs.

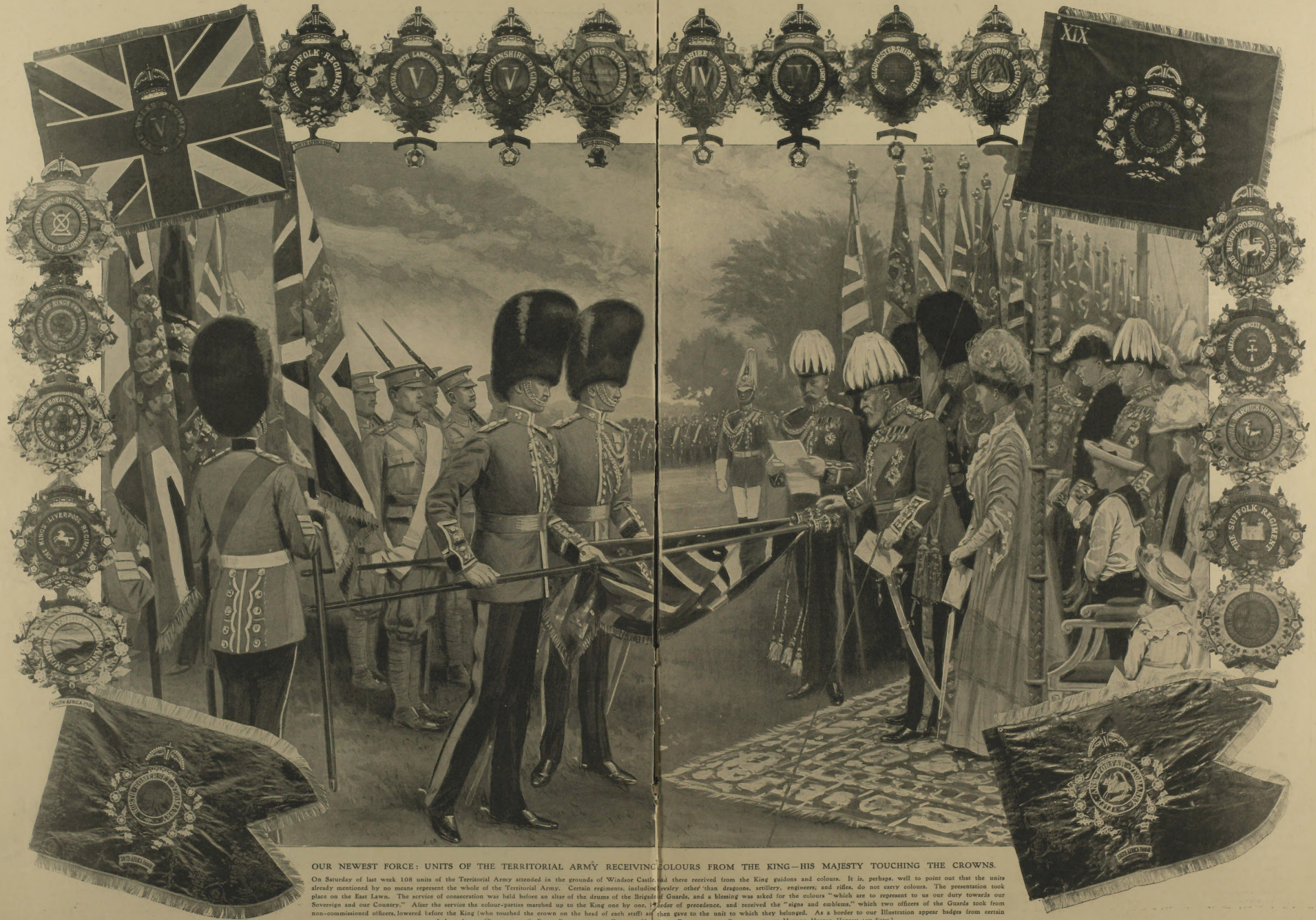


Photos, Sport and General.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO WELLINGTON COLLEGE: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING BY THE GREAT GATE.

SIGNS AND EMBLEMS OF THEIR DUTY TO THEIR SOVEREIGN AND THEIR COUNTRY:

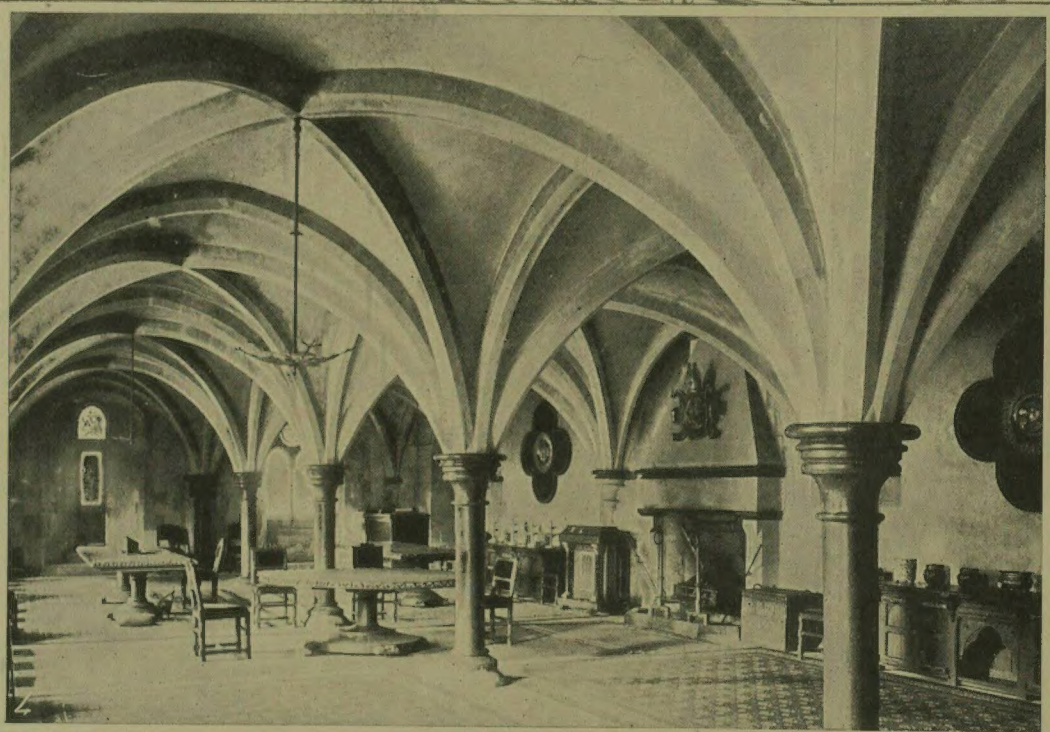
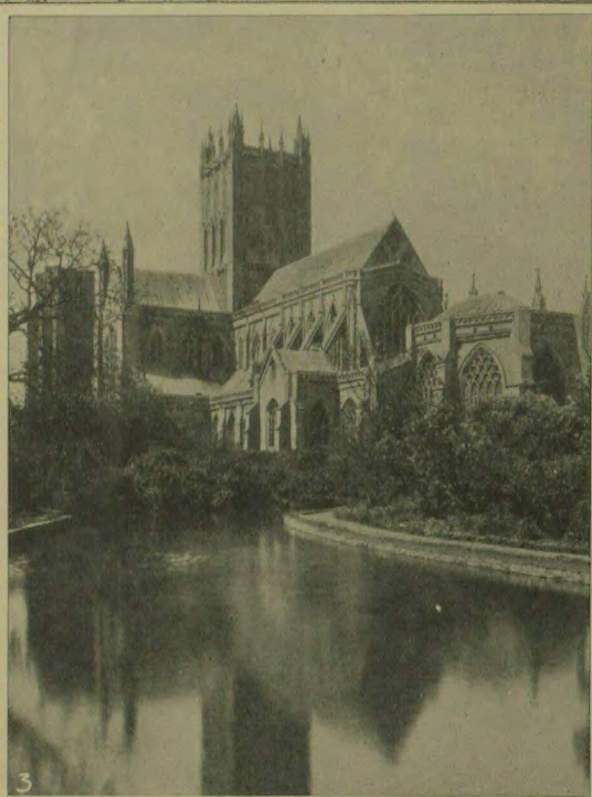
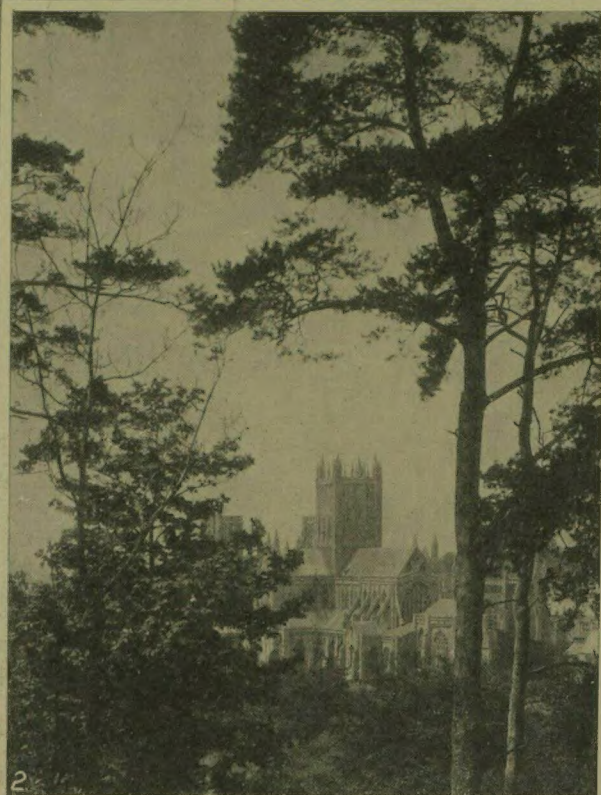
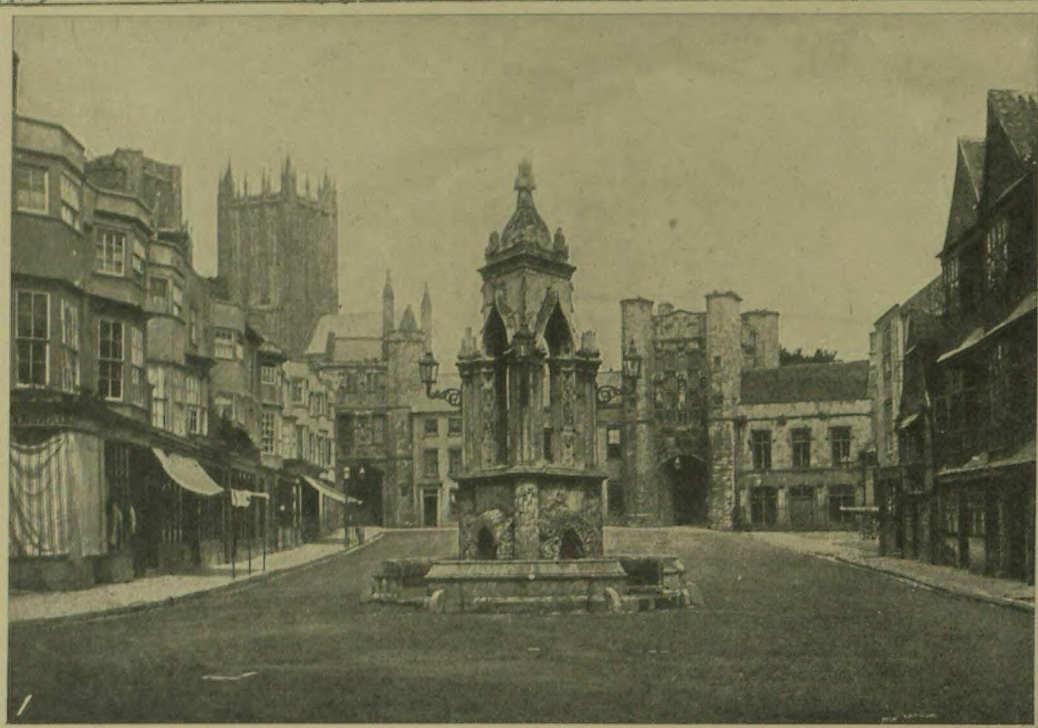
THE KING HONOURING THE TERRITORIAL ARMY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



OUR NEWEST FORCE: UNITS OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY RECEIVING COLOURS FROM THE KING—HIS MAJESTY TOUCHING THE CROWNS.

On Saturday of last week 108 units of the Territorial Army attended in the grounds of Windsor Castle and there received from the King guidons and colours. It is, perhaps, well to point out that the units already mentioned by no means represent the whole of the Territorial Army. Certain regiments, including cavalry other than dragons, artillery, engineers, and rifles, do not carry colours. The presentation took place on the East Lawn. The service of consecration was held before an altar of the drums of the Brigade of Guards, and a blessing was asked for the colours "which are to represent to us our duty towards our Sovereign and our Country." After the service the colour-parties marched up to the King one by one, in order of precedence, and received the "signs and emblems," which two officers of the Guards took from non-commissioned officers, lowered before the King (who touched the crown on the head of each staff) and then gave to the unit to which they belonged. As a border to our illustration appear badges from certain of the colours.—(Drawing by S. BAGO; PHOTOGRAPHS OF FLAGS BY MR. CHES. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE MARKERS, MESSRS. HOBSON AND SONS.)

ENGLAND'S GREAT JEWEL OF ARCHITECTURE: THE WELLS MILLENARY.



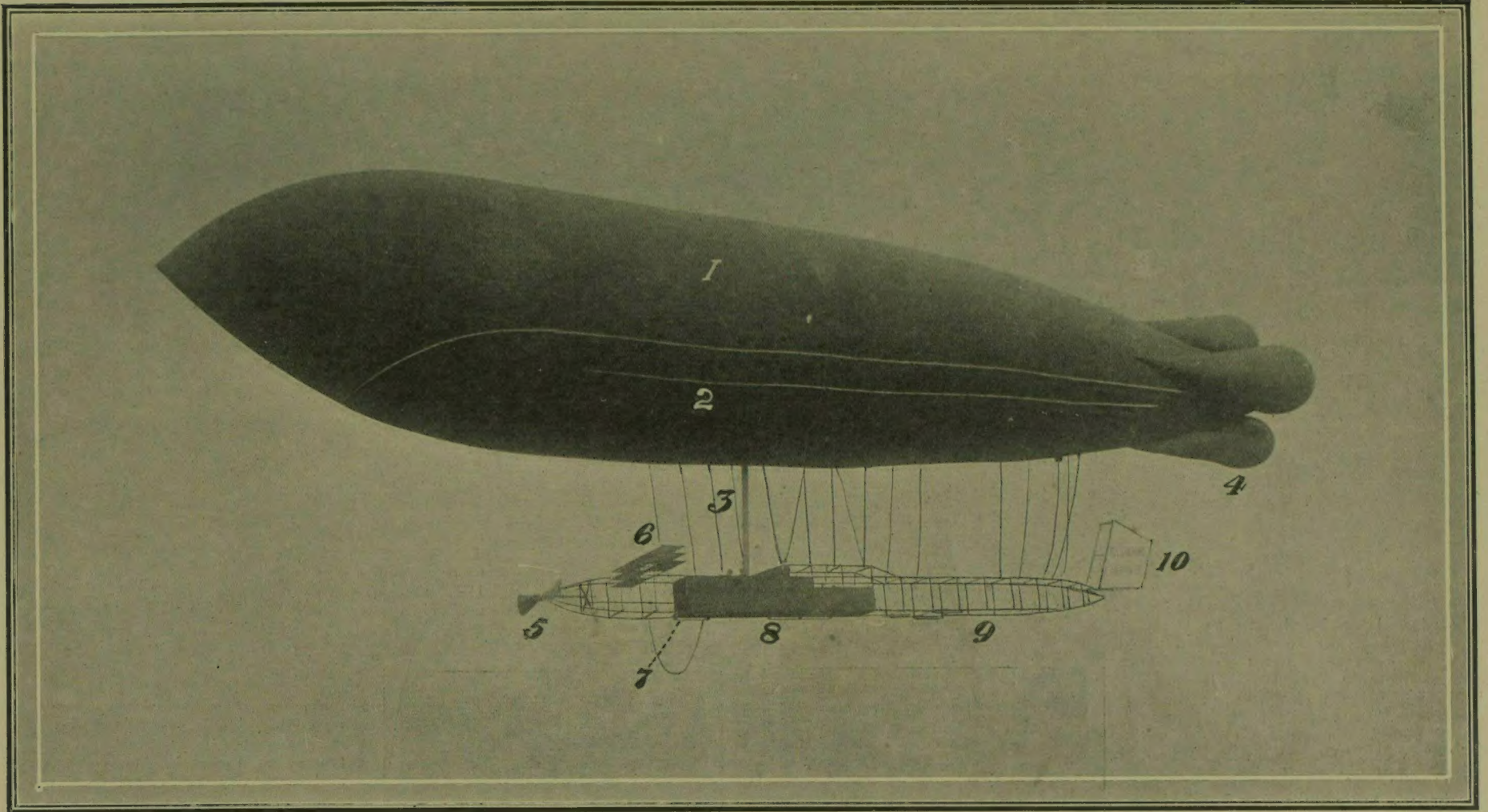
1. WELLS MARKET-PLACE, SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE) THE BISHOP'S EYE, THE GATE THAT LEADS TO THE MOAT AND THE DRAWBRIDGE, AND (IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER) PENNILESS PORCH, WHICH LEADS FROM THE MARKET-PLACE TO THE CATHEDRAL.
3. WELLS CATHEDRAL AND THE WATERS OF ST. ANDREW'S WELL, WHICH FILL THE MOAT.
5. THE CASTLE KEEP, WITH MOAT AND DRAWBRIDGE, WHICH SUGGESTS CASTLE TORQUILSTONE IN "IVANHOE."

2. ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING VIEWS OF FAMOUS WELLS CATHEDRAL: THE BUILDING SEEN THROUGH THE TREES ON TOR HILL, WHICH RISES IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE CITY.
4. THE DINING-HALL IN THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS.
6. THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, WHICH WAS BUILT BY BISHOP BECKINTON IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Wells, the British Bruges, celebrated the millenary of the Bishopric of Wells on Tuesday last, and the Prince and Princess of Wales took part in the ceremonies. In the market-place the civic authorities presented an Address to the Prince and Princess, and in this it was mentioned that the city was made a free borough by King John, and that Henry III. was the first Sovereign to visit Wells. A special service was held in the cathedral.

THE WORLD MILITANT: AND THE WORLD OF THE CHURCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND FRIIIL.



IS BRITAIN TO HAVE A GREAT RIVAL TO THE "ZEPPELIN"? A CLÉMENT-BAYARD DIRIGIBLE IN DETAIL.

The Parliamentary Aerial Defence Committee is much interested in the building of the "Clément-Bayard No. 2," which, according to present arrangements, will be brought to this country in August, will be housed in a special garage built with funds provided by the "Mail," and will be here for not less than a month. It is hoped that many tests will be carried out, that it may be proved whether this new engine of warfare is worthy of being added to Britain's weapons of defence. Our photograph shows "Clément-Bayard No. 1," "Clément-Bayard No. 2" will be, to all intents and purposes, the same as this, but will be considerably bigger. No. 1. is the gas envelope of the dirigible. No. 2 is the air-ballonet, which is filled with compressed air, pumped in by the engine through the air-pipe, No. 3. This compressed air keeps up the pressure in the gas-envelope, and thus causes it to retain its shape, even when a certain amount of gas has escaped. No. 4 shows the pear-shaped stabilisers, designed to keep the vessel steady. No. 5 is the propeller. No. 6 are the elevating planes, which give upward or downward direction to the balloon. No. 7 is the radiator of the engine. No. 8 is the covered portion of the car, which contains the engines and the passengers. No. 9 is part of the framework of the car. No. 10 is the rudder.



THE CENTRE OF THE STORY OF THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL RESTORED TO THE KEEPING OF THE CHURCH AFTER MANY YEARS: THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS DELIVERING THE TITLE-DEEDS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Glastonbury is associated very closely with that greatest of all stories of chivalry, the Quest of the Holy Grail, for it was at Glastonbury that Joseph of Arimathea, who bore to England the Sangraal, planted his staff, the well-known Glastonbury Thorn, which is said to burst into leaf each Christmas Day. At Glastonbury, too, is the Isle of Avalon, the burial-place of Arthur. The Abbey fell from its high estate in 1539, when Abbot Whytyng was executed. Now its ruins are once again in the keeping of the Church. The ceremony of the handing over of the title-deeds to the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Advisory Council took place on Tuesday last. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present.



Photo, Crisp, Cambridge

MR. J. R. M. BUTLER,

A Senior Classic at Cambridge and Son of Two Senior Classics.

A few years later he began to study singing, and his work soon attracted attention. Between 1888 and 1900 he won medals at exhibitions in Paris, Brussels, and Munich. He was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1898. Among his best-known pictures are "Sir Galahad," "Dawn," "Boulter's Lock," "Last Touches," and "Après."

Sir Andrew Lusk, "the Grand Old Man of the City," as he was called, whose death occurred last Monday, was born on an Ayrshire farm in 1810. He had thus nearly completed his century, and had lived in the reigns of five British Sovereigns. Sir Andrew was a self-made and self-educated man. He began his career, on reaching twenty-one, as a dealer in ships' stores at Greenock, and fourteen years later, having become a shipowner, he migrated to London, where his business prospered exceedingly. For the last half-century he had been keenly interested in political and municipal life, in which he at one time took an active and distinguished part. He was first elected



Photo, Russell

THE LATE SIR ANDREW LUSK,

"The Grand Old Man of the City," and formerly Lord Mayor.

celebrations were on such a scale as is seldom evoked by the memory of one man. Delegates came from all civilised nations to do him honour, and the international character of the proceedings was a sign of the world-wide importance of Darwin's work. It is not too much to say that the publication of "The Origin of Species" in 1859 changed the whole face of human thought. The question naturally arises, in connection with the Cambridge function, how far the University can claim the credit for the future greatness of her pupil, who was an undergraduate at Christ's. Darwin himself said that he wasted his time there, and he was not distinguished academically. Science in those days was not in the position it now holds at the Universities. Darwin, however, made some invaluable friendships, especially with the then Professor of Botany, the Rev. J. S. Henslow, and Adam Sedgwick, Professor of Geology. It was through Henslow that he went on his five-years voyage in the *Beagle*, which not only resulted in that delightful book, "The Journal of a Naturalist's Voyage Round the World," but also had a very important bearing on the development of his ideas. Cambridge therefore may claim to have done a great deal for Darwin unofficially, even though she may have failed to distinguish him at the time. One of the most interesting items in connection with

BRITISH art has suffered a severe loss by the death of Mr. Edward John Gregory, R.A., President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. He was born at Southampton in 1850, and, his father being connected with the P. and O. Company, he entered their drawing-office in 1865. at South Ken-

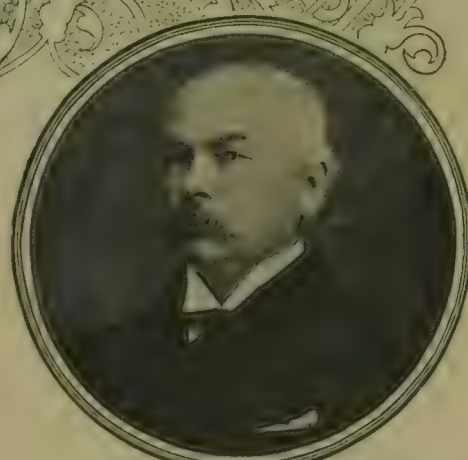
SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, P.R.S., K.C.B., ETC.,
Who it was arranged should deliver the Rede Lecture at Cambridge on "Darwin as Geologist."

PORTRAITS AND PERSONAL NOTES.

the centenary programme this week was the Rede Lecture to be delivered on Thursday by Sir Archibald Geikie, President of the Royal Society, taking as his subject, "Darwin as Geologist."

Several notable events have taken place lately at Cambridge, in addition to the Darwin Centenary. The announcement of the last of the Senior

was placed in a class by herself above all the men of that year. Their son is this year one of the four candidates placed together, and on an equality, in the first division of the first class. He went to school at Harrow, and entered Trinity College two years ago. He has won many University prizes, and is also Vice-President of the Union at Cambridge.



Photo, Elliott and Fry

THE LATE DR. FREDERICK DE MARTENS,
The Famous Russian Jurist and International Arbitrator.

"Peace by Law" was the motto of the late Professor Frederick de Martens, the famous Russian jurist, by whose death the cause of arbitration and international peace has lost a zealous and energetic devotee. He graduated in international law at St. Petersburg University in 1867, and soon afterwards entered the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Since that time he has been continually engaged in attending—often presiding at—conferences for the furtherance of the cause he had so much at heart. At different times he represented Russia at diplomatic congresses in Paris, Brussels, the Hague, Vienna, Rome, Geneva, and Washington, and he frequently acted as an international arbitrator. He was one of the Russian delegates when peace was made after the Russo-Japanese War, which he had done his best to prevent. His work on "The International Law of the Civilised Nations" has been translated into more than six languages.

There was some similarity between the sad case of Mr. St. J. Hankin, the



Photo, Elliott and Fry

PROFESSOR M. J. M. HILL,

Elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

well-known author and dramatist, who drowned himself last week in Wales, and that of Mr. John Davidson. Both were in a depressed, nervous state, both feared the development of an internal disease, and both considered suicide justifiable in those circumstances. Mr. Hankin, however, had no financial trouble, and had no reason to complain of any want of public appreciation. He wrote a number of plays, several of which—"The Two Mr. Weatherbys," "The Charity that Began at Home," "The Cassilis Engagement," and "The Last of the De Mullins"—were produced by the Stage Society. "The Return of the Prodigal," perhaps his most important play, was put on at the Court Theatre by Mr. Granville Barker in 1905. His parodies, "Lost Masterpieces" and "Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels," were also excellent of their kind, and brought him considerable reputation as a humorous poet.

Professor M. J. M. Hill, who has been elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, in succession to Sir William Collins, has held since 1884 the Astor Professorship of Pure Mathematics at University College. He was born at Berham-pore, in Bengal, in 1856, and was educated at the School for the Sons of Missionaries at Blackheath, University College, London, and Peterhouse, Cambridge. At the latter University he was Smith's prizeman and Fourth Wrangler in 1879, and the following year he was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Mason College, Birmingham. Among other works he has published an edition of the Fifth and Sixth Books of Euclid.



Photo, L.N.A.

THE LATE MR. E. J. GREGORY, R.A.,

President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

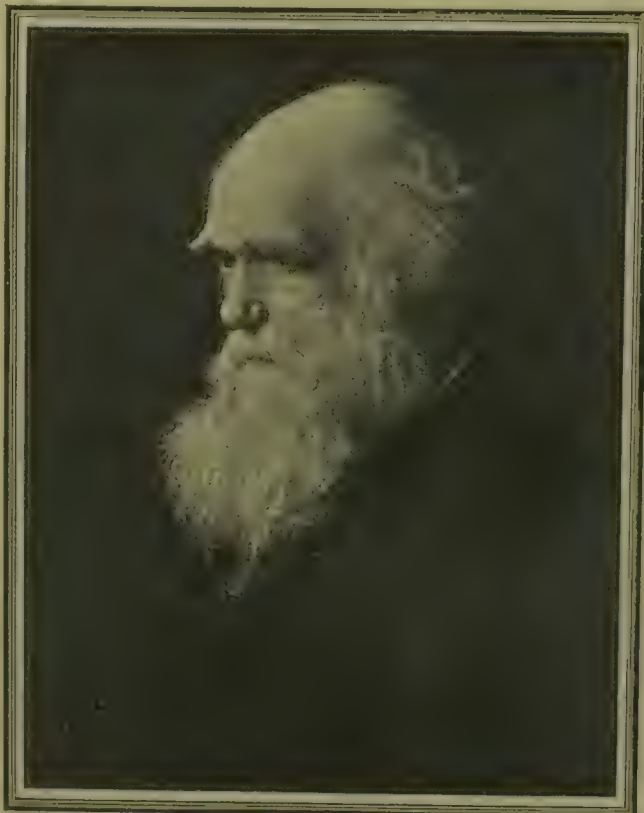


Photo, Elliott and Fry

THE LATE MR. ST. JOHN HANKIN,

The Well-known Dramatist, who has Committed Suicide.

Wranglers has been followed by the equally interesting lists of the Classical Tripos. For a Senior Classic to be the son of parents who were themselves both Senior Classics in their day is doubtless unique. It has happened this year, however, in the case of Mr. John Ramsay Montagu Butler, son of the Master of Trinity, Dr. Montagu Butler. The latter was Senior Classic in 1855, and married Miss Ramsay, who, when at Girton, in 1887, was not only Senior Classic, but



Photo, Clarke, Cambridge

CHARLES DARWIN,

Whose Centenary has been Celebrated this Week at Cambridge.
FROM THE PAINTING BY W. W. OULESS, R.A.



The Love-Letter.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

PARIS, THE MONSTER: CHARPENTIER'S "LOUISE" IN LONDON.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO.



AT THE TOP OF THE BUTTE MONTMARTRE: THE BEGINNING OF THE BALLET IN "LOUISE," AT COVENT GARDEN.

London has had to wait nine years for a production of Gustave Charpentier's "Louise," which was first heard at the Opéra Comique, Paris, on the 2nd of February, 1900, and since that time has been seen on the most important Continental stages. Many have already been found in England to praise it, and to express the hope that it will become a familiar feature of Covent Garden's repertoire. Gustave Charpentier, the composer, who was born in June 1860, wrote his own libretto, in which it is suggested that Paris is a monster ever ready to devour the child-soul.

"DEVIL'S ISLAND": A DANGER TO BRITISH GUIANA?

THE ILES DU SALUT, THE GREAT FRENCH PENAL SETTLEMENT.



1. ON THE WAY TO THEIR ISLAND PRISON: CONVICTS BEING CONVEYED FROM THE TRANSPORT "LOIRE" TO THE ILE ST. JOSEPH—IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ILE ROYALE.

2. THE PRISON THAT HELD DREYFUS, AND THAT NOW HOLDS ULLMO; THE ILE DU DIABLE.

3. ON HIS WAY TO TRAITOR'S ISLAND: THE BOAT CONTAINING ULLMO (IN BLACK) ON ITS WAY TO THE ILE DU DIABLE.

4. PRISONS ON THE CONVICT-SHIP: CELLS ON THE TRANSPORT "LOIRE."

5. A BEAUTIFUL PURGATORY: L'ILE DU DIABLE SEEN FROM L'ILE ROYALE.

News from Georgetown states that those living in country districts of British Guiana have had unpleasant hours of late, owing to the frequency with which prisoners escape from the great penal settlement on the Iles du Salut, the French Siberia, or perhaps, to make an even closer parallel, the French Saghalien. It would appear that the prisoners have not been watched as carefully as they might have been, with the result that quite a number have contrived to secure boats and to reach British Guiana in parties of from two to six. When they arrive, they are, of course, in an almost desperate condition, and cause considerable alarm by their demands for food and shelter. It was on the Ile du Diable that Major Dreyfus was confined during the painful period that elapsed between his degradation and his release with honour; and on it now is Ullmo.

A MENACE TO BRITISH COLONISTS? FRENCH CONVICTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE ILES DU SALUT.



NEARING THE ISLANDS OF THE LIVING DEAD: CONVICTS LEAVING THE TRANSPORT "LOIRE" FOR THE PENAL SETTLEMENT
ON THE ILES DU SALUT—IN THE BACKGROUND THE ILE ST. JOSEPH.

As we note on the preceding page, it is said that the frequent escapes from the great French penal settlement on the Iles du Salut are a source of danger to those living in certain districts of British Guiana. The steamer "Loire," from which convicts are here seen disembarking, goes to the Iles du Salut twice a year, carrying convicts. On her most recent voyage she had on board 740 prisoners from France and from Algeria, and these included Ullmo. Very rebellious men are kept on the Ile St. Joseph; those who are still worse and are practically uncontrollable are confined on the Ile Royale. The Iles du Salut are three small islands off the coast of French Guiana. The climate is healthy.

THE CHINAGO

By JACK LONDON.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"The coral waxes, the palm grows, but man departs." Tahitian Proverb.



Ah Cho sat in the crowded court-room, very weary and bored.

AH CHO did not understand French. He sat in the crowded court-room, very weary and bored, listening to the unceasing, explosive French that now one official, and now another, uttered. It was just so much gabble to Ah Cho, and he marvelled at the stupidity of the Frenchmen who took so long to find out the murderer of Chung Ga, and who did not find him at all. The five hundred coolies on the plantation knew that Ah San had done the killing, and here was Ah San not even arrested. It was true that all the coolies had agreed secretly not to testify against each other; but then, it was so simple, the Frenchmen should have been able to discover that Ah San was the man. They were very stupid, these Frenchmen.

Ah Cho had done nothing of which to be afraid. He had had no hand in the killing. It was true, he he had been present at it, and Schemmer, the overseer on the plantation, had rushed into the barrack immediately afterwards and caught him there, along with four or five others; but what of that? Chung Ga had been stabbed only twice. It stood to reason that five or six men could not inflict two stab-wounds. At the most, if a man had struck but once, only two men could have done it.

So it was that Ah Cho reasoned, when he, along with his four companions, had lied, and blocked, and obfuscated in their statements to the court concerning what had taken place. They had heard the sounds of the killing, and, like Schemmer, they had run to the spot. They had got there before Schemmer—that was all. True, Schemmer had testified that, attracted by the sound of quarrelling, as he chanced to pass by, he had stood for at least five minutes outside; that then, when he entered, he found the prisoners already inside; and that they had not entered just before, because he had been standing by the one door to the barracks. But what of that! Ah Cho and his four fellow prisoners had testified that Schemmer was mistaken. In the end they would be let go. They were all confident of that. Five men could not have their heads cut off for two stab-wounds. Besides, no foreign devil had seen the killing. But these Frenchmen were so stupid. In China, as Ah Cho well knew, the magistrate would order all of them to the torture and learn the truth. The truth was very easy to learn under torture. But these Frenchmen did not torture—bigger fools they! Therefore they would never find out who killed Chung Ga.

But Ah Cho did not understand everything. The English company that owned the plantation had imported into Tahiti, at great expense, the five hundred coolies. The stockholders were clamouring for dividends, and the company had not yet paid any; wherefore the company did not want its costly contract-labourers to start the practice of killing one another. Also, there were the French, eager and willing to impress upon the Chinagos the virtues and excellences of French law. There was nothing like setting an example once in a while; and, besides, of what use was New Caledonia except to send men to live out their days in misery and pain in payment of the penalty for being frail and human?

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had thought himself fortunate. There were men in his village who toiled a whole year for ten dollars Mexican, and there were women who made nets all the year round for five dollars, while in the houses of shopkeepers there were maid-servants who received four dollars for a year of service. And here he was to receive fifty cents a day; for one day, only one day, he was to receive that princely sum! What if the work were hard? At the end of the five years he would return home—that was in the contract—and he would never have to work again. He would be a rich man for life, with a house of his own, a wife, and children growing up to venerate him. Yes, and back

He was already a wealthy man (in his own country), what of his earnings, and only two years more intervened between the cotton plantation on Tahiti and the meditation and repose that awaited him. But just now he was losing money because of the unfortunate accident of being present at the killing of Chung Ga. He had lain three weeks in prison, and for each day of those three weeks he had lost fifty cents. But now judgment would soon be given, and he would go back to work.

Ah Cho was twenty-two years old. He was happy and good-natured, and it was easy for him to smile. While his body was slim, in the Asiatic way, his face was rotund. It was round, like the moon, and it irradiated a gentle complacency and a sweet kindness of spirit that was unusual among his countrymen. Nor did his looks belie him. He never caused trouble, never took part in wrangling. He did not gamble. His soul was not harsh enough for the soul that must belong to a gambler. He was content with little things and simple pleasures. The hush and quiet in the cool of the day after the blazing toil in the cotton-field was to him an infinite satisfaction. He could sit for hours gazing at a solitary flower and philosophising about the mysteries and riddles of being. A blue heron on a tiny crescent of sandy beach, a silvery splatter of flying-fish, or a sunset of pearl and rose across the lagoon, could entrance him to all forgetfulness of the procession of wearisome days and of the heavy lash of Schemmer.

Schemmer, Karl Schemmer, was a brute, a brutish brute; but he earned his salary. He got the last particle of strength out of the five hundred slaves, for slaves they were until their term of years was up. Schemmer worked hard to extract the strength from those five hundred sweating bodies, and to transmute



*He would have
a small garden, a place
of meditation and repose.*

of the house he would have a small garden, a place of meditation and repose, with gold-fish in a tiny lakelet, and wind-bells tinkling in the several trees, and there would be a high wall all around so that his meditation and repose should be undisturbed.

Well, he had worked out three of those five years.

it into bales of fluffy cotton ready for export. His dominant, iron-clad, primæval brutishness was what enabled him to effect the transmutation. Also, he was assisted by a thick leather belt, three inches wide and a yard in length, with which he always rode, and which, on occasion, could come down on the naked

back of a stooping coolie with a report like a pistol-shot. These reports were frequent when Schemmer rode down the furrowed field.

Once, at the beginning of the first year of contract-labour, he had killed a coolie with a single blow of his fist. He had not exactly crushed the man's head like an egg-shell, but the blow had been sufficient to addle what was inside, and, after being sick for a week, the man had died. But the Chinese had not complained to the French devils that ruled over Tahiti. It was their own look-out. Schemmer was their problem. They must avoid his wrath as they avoided the venom of the centipedes that lurked in the grass or crept into the sleeping-quarters on rainy nights. The Chinagos—such they were called by the indolent, brown-skinned island folk—saw to it that they did not displease Schemmer too greatly. This was equivalent to rendering up to him a full measure of efficient toil. That blow of Schemmer's fist had been worth thousands of dollars to the company, and no trouble ever came of it to Schemmer.

The French, with no instinct for colonisation, futile in their childish play-game of developing the resources of the island, were only too glad to see the English company succeed. What matter of Schemmer and his redoubtable fist? The Chinago that died? Well, he was only a Chinago. Besides, he died of sunstroke, as the doctor's certificate attested. True, in all the history of Tahiti no one had ever died of sunstroke. But it was that, precisely that, that made the death of this Chinago unique. The doctor said as much in his report. He was very candid. Dividends must be paid, or else one more failure would be added to the long history of failure in Tahiti.

There was no understanding these white devils. Ah Cho pondered their inscrutableness as he sat in the court-room waiting the judgment. There was no telling-what went on at the back of their minds. He had seen a few of the white devils. They were all alike—the officers and sailors on the ship, the French officials, the several white men on the plantation, including Schemmer. Their minds all moved in mysterious ways

there was no getting at. They grew angry without apparent cause, and their anger was always dangerous. They were like wild beasts at such times. They worried about little things, and on occasion could out-toil even a Chinago. They were not temperate as Chinagos were temperate; they were gluttons, eating prodigiously and drinking more prodigiously. A Chinago never knew when an act would please them or arouse a storm of wrath. A Chinago could never tell. What pleased one time, the very next time might provoke an outburst of anger. There was a curtain behind the eyes of the white devils that screened the backs of their minds from the Chinago's gaze. And then, on top of it all, was the terrible efficiency of the white devils, that ability to do things, to make things go, to work results, to bend to their wills all creeping, crawling things and the powers of the very elements themselves. Yes, the white men were strange and wonderful, and they were devils. Look at Schemmer.

Ah Cho wondered why the judgment was so long in forming. Not a man on trial had laid hand on Chung Ga. Ah San alone had killed him. Ah San had done it, bending Chung Ga's head back with one hand by a grip of his queue, and with the other hand, from behind, reaching over and driving the knife into his body. Twice had he driven it in. There in the court-room, with closed eyes, Ah Cho saw the killing acted over again—the squabble, the vile words

bandied back and forth, the filth and insult flung upon venerable ancestors, the curses laid upon unbegotten generations, the leap of Ah San, the grip on the queue of Chung Ga, the knife that sank twice into his flesh, the bursting open of the door, the irruption of Schemmer, the dash for the door, the escape of Ah San, the flying belt of Schemmer that drove the rest into the corner, and the firing of the revolver as a signal that brought help to Schemmer. Ah Cho shivered as he lived it over. One blow of the belt had bruised his cheek, taking off some of the skin. Schemmer had pointed to the bruises when, on the witness-stand, he had identified Ah Cho. It was only just now that the marks had become no longer visible. That had been a blow! Half an inch nearer the centre and it would have taken out his eye. Then Ah Cho forgot the whole happening in a vision he caught of the garden of meditation and repose that would be his when he returned to his own land.

He sat with impassive face while the magistrate rendered the judgment. Likewise were the faces of his four companions impassive. And they remained impassive when the interpreter explained that the five of them had been found guilty of the murder of Chung Ga, and that Ah Chow should have his head cut off, Ah Cho serve twenty years in prison in New Caledonia, Wong Li twelve years, and Ah Tong ten years. There was no use in getting excited about it. Even Ah Chow remained expressionless as a mummy, though

that much was his garden removed from him—that was all. He was young, and the patience of Asia was in his bones. He could wait those twenty years, and by that time the heats of his blood would be assuaged and he would be better fitted for that garden of calm delight. He thought of a name for it: he would call it The Garden of the Morning Calm. He was made happy all day by the thought, and he was inspired to devise a moral maxim on the virtue of patience, which maxim proved a great comfort, especially to Wong Li and Ah Tong. Ah Chow, however, did not care for the maxim. His head was to be separated from his body in so short a time that he had no need for patience to wait for that event. He smoked well, ate well, slept well, and did not worry about the slow passage of time.

Cruchot was a gendarme. He had seen twenty years of service in the Colonies—from Nigeria and Senegal to the South Seas—and those twenty years had not perceptibly brightened his dull mind. He was as slow-witted and stupid as in his peasant days in the South of France. He knew discipline and fear of authority, and from God down to the sergeant of gendarmes the only difference to him was the measure of slavish obedience which he rendered. In point of fact, the sergeant bulked bigger in his mind than God, except on Sundays, when God's mouthpieces had their say. God was usually very remote, while the sergeant was ordinarily very close to hand.

Cruchot it was who received the order from the

Chief Justice to the jailer, commanding that functionary to deliver over to Cruchot the person of Ah Chow. Now it happened that the Chief Justice had given a dinner the night before to the captain and officers of the French man-of-war. His hand was shaking when he wrote out the order, and his eyes were aching so dreadfully that he did not read over the order. It was only a Chinago's life he was signing away anyway. So he did not notice that he had omitted the final letter in Ah Chow's name. The order read "Ah Cho," and, when Cruchot presented the order, the jailer turned over to him the person of Ah Cho. Cruchot took that person be-



He was assisted by a thick leather belt with which he always rode.

side him on the seat of a wagon, behind two mules, and drove away. it was his head that was to be cut off. The magistrate added a few words, and the interpreter explained that Ah Chow's face, having been most severely bruised by Schemmer's strap, had made his identification so positive that, since one man must die, he might as well be that man. Also, the fact that Ah Cho's face had been severely bruised, conclusively proving his presence at the murder and his undoubted participation, had merited him the twenty years of penal servitude. And down to the ten years of Ah Tong, the proportioned reason for each sentence was explained. Let the Chinagos take the lesson to heart, the Court said finally, for they must learn that the law would be fulfilled in Tahiti, though the heavens fell.

The five Chinagos were taken back to jail. They were not shocked or grieved. The sentences, being unexpected, were quite what they were accustomed to in their dealings with the white devils. From them a Chinago rarely expected more than the unexpected. The heavy punishment for a crime they had not committed was no stranger than the countless strange things the white devils did. In the several weeks that followed, Ah Cho several times contemplated Ah Chow with mild curiosity. His head was to be cut off by the guillotine that was being erected on the plantation. For him there would be no declining years, no gardens of tranquillity. Ah Cho philosophised and speculated about life and death. As for himself, he was not perturbed. Twenty years were merely twenty years. By

side him on the seat of a wagon, behind two mules, and drove away.

Ah Cho was glad to be out in the sunshine. He sat beside the gendarme and beamed. He beamed more ardently than ever when he noted the mules headed south towards Atimaono. Undoubtedly Schemmer had sent for him to be brought back. Schemmer wanted him to work. Very well, he would work well. Schemmer would never have cause to complain. It was a hot day. There had been a stoppage of the trades. The mules sweated, Cruchot sweated, and Ah Cho sweated. But it was Ah Cho that bore the heat with the least concern. He had toiled three years under that sun on the plantation. He beamed and beamed with such genial good-nature that even Cruchot's heavy mind was stirred to wonderment.

"You are very funny," he said at last.

Ah Cho nodded and beamed more ardently. Unlike the magistrate, Cruchot spoke to him in the Kanaka tongue; and this, like all Chinagos and all foreign devils, Ah Cho understood.

"You laugh too much," Cruchot chided. "One's heart should be full of tears on a day like this."

"I am glad to get out of the jail."

"Is that all?" The gendarme shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it not enough?" was the retort.

"Then you are not glad to have your head cut off?"



The jailer turned over to him the person of Ah Cho.

Ah Cho looked at him in abrupt perplexity and said:

"Why, I am going back to Atimaono to work on the plantation for Schemmer. Are you not taking me to Atimaono?"

Cruchot stroked his long moustaches reflectively.

"Well, well," he said finally, with a flick of the whip at the off mule. "So you don't know?"

"Know what?" Ah Cho was beginning to feel a vague alarm. "Won't Schemmer let me work for him any more?"

"Not after to-day." Cruchot laughed heartily. It was a good joke. "You see, you won't be able to work after to-day. A man with his head off can't work, eh?"

He poked the Chinago in the ribs and chuckled. Ah Cho maintained silence while the mules trotted a hot mile. Then he spoke.

"Is Schemmer going to cut off my head?"

Cruchot grinned as he nodded.

"It is a mistake," said Ah Cho gravely. "I am not the Chinago that is to have his head cut off. I am Ah Cho. The honourable judge has determined that I am to stop twenty years in New Caledonia."

The gendarme laughed. It was a good joke, this funny Chinago trying to cheat the guillotine. The mules trotted through a cocoanut-grove, and for half a mile beside the sparkling sea before Ah Cho spoke again.

"I tell you I am not Ah Chow. The honourable judge did not say that my head was to go off."

"Don't be afraid," said Cruchot, with the philanthropic intention of making it easier for his prisoner, "it is not difficult to die that way." He snapped his fingers. "It is quick—like that. It is not like hanging on the end of a rope and kicking and making faces for five minutes. It is like killing a chicken with a hatchet. You cut its head off—that is all. And it is the same with a man. Pouf!—it is over. It doesn't hurt. You don't even think it hurts. You don't think. Your head is gone, so you cannot think. It is very good. That is the way I want to die—quick, ah, quick. You are lucky to die that way. You might get

the leprosy, and fall to pieces slowly—a finger at a time, and, now and again, a thumb, also the toes. I knew a man who was burned by hot water. It took him two days to die. You could hear him yelling a kilometer away. But you? Ah! so easy! Chck!—the knife cuts your neck like that. It is finished. The knife may even tickle. Who can say? Nobody who died that way ever came back to say."

He considered this last an excruciating joke, and permitted himself to be convulsed with laughter for half-a-minute. Part of his mirth was assumed, but he considered it his humane duty to cheer up the Chinago.

"But I tell you I am Ah Cho," the other persisted. "I don't want my head cut off."

Cruchot scowled. The Chinago was carrying the foolishness too far.

"I am not Ah Chow—" Ah Cho began.

"That will do," the gendarme interrupted. He puffed up his cheeks and strove to appear fierce.

"I tell you I am not—" Ah Cho began again.

"Shut up!" bawled Cruchot.

After that they rode along in silence. It was twenty miles from Papeete to Atimaono, and over half the distance was covered by the time the Chinago again ventured into speech.

"I saw you in the court-room when the honourable judge sought after our guilt," he began. "Very good. And do you remember that Ah Chow, whose head is to be cut off—do you remember that he—Ah Chow—was a tall man! Look at me."

He stood up suddenly, and Cruchot saw that he was a short man. And just as suddenly Cruchot caught a glimpse of a memory picture of Ah Chow, and in that picture Ah Chow was tall. To the gendarme all Chinagos looked alike. One face was like another. But between tallness and shortness he could differentiate, and he knew that he had the wrong man beside him on the seat. He pulled up the mules abruptly, so that the pole shot ahead of them, elevating their collars.

"You see, it was a mistake," said Ah Cho, smiling pleasantly.

But Cruchot was thinking. Already he regretted that he had stopped the wagon. He was unaware of the error of the Chief Justice, and he had no way of working it out; but he did know that he had been given this Chinago to take to Atimaono, and that it was his duty to take him to Atimaono. What if he was the wrong man and they cut his head off? It was only a Chinago when all was said, and what was a Chinago anyway? Besides, it might not be a mistake. He



"Ah Chow, whose head is to be cut off, was a tall man! Look at me,"

did not know what went on in the minds of his superiors. They knew their business best. Who was he to do their thinking for them? Once, in the long ago, he had attempted to think for them, and the sergeant had said, "Cruchot, you are a fool! The quicker you know that, the better you will get on. You are not to think; you are to obey, and leave thinking to your betters." He smarted under the recollection. Also, if he turned back to Papeete, he would delay the execution at Atimaono; and if he were wrong in turning back, he would get a reprimand from the sergeant, who was waiting for the prisoner. And, furthermore, he would get a reprimand at Papeete as well.

He touched the mules with the whip and drove on. He looked at his watch. He would be half-an-hour late as it was, and the sergeant was bound to be angry. He put the mules into a faster trot. The more Ah Cho persisted in explaining the mistake, the more stubborn Cruchot became. The knowledge that he had the wrong man did not make his temper better. The knowledge that it was through no mistake of his confirmed him in the belief that the wrong he was doing was the right. And rather than incur the displeasure of the sergeant, he would willingly have assisted a dozen wrong Chinagos to their doom.

As for Ah Cho, after the gendarme had struck him over the head with the butt of the whip, and commanded him in a loud voice to shut up, there remained nothing for him to do but to shut up. The long ride continued in silence. Ah Cho pondered the strange ways of the foreign devils. There was no explaining them. What they were doing with him was of a piece with everything they did. First they found guilty five innocent men, and next they cut off the head of the man that even they, in their benighted ignorance, had deemed meritorious of no more than twenty years' imprisonment. And there was nothing he could do. He could only sit idly and take what these lords of life measured out to him. Once he got in a panic, and the sweat upon his body turned cold; but he fought his way out of it. He endeavoured to resign himself to his fate by remembering and repeating certain passages from the "Yin Chih Wen" ("The Tract of the Quiet Way"); but, instead, he kept seeing his dream-garden of meditation and repose. This bothered him, until he abandoned himself to the dream and sat in his garden listening to the tinkling of the wind-bells in the several trees. And lo! sitting thus in the dream, he was able to remember and repeat the passages from "The Tract of the Quiet Way."

So the time passed nicely until Atimaono was reached and the mules trotted up to the foot of the scaffold, in the shade of which stood the impatient sergeant. Ah Cho was hurried up the ladder of the scaffold. Beneath him on one side, he saw assembled all the coolies of the plantation. Schemmer had decided that the event would be a good object-lesson, and so had called in the coolies from the fields, and compelled them to be present. As they caught sight of Ah Cho they gabbled among themselves in low voices. They saw the mistake; but they kept it to themselves. The inexplicable white devils had doubtlessly changed their minds. Instead of taking the life of one innocent man they were taking the life of another innocent man. Ah Chow—or Ah Cho—what did it matter which? They could never understand the white dogs any more than could the white dogs understand them. Ah Cho was going to have his head cut off, but they, when their two remaining years of servitude were up, were going back to China.

Schemmer had made the guillotine himself. He was a handy man, and though he had never seen a guillotine, the French officials had explained the principle to him. It was on his suggestion that they had ordered the execution to take place at Atimaono instead of at Papeete. The scene of the crime, Schemmer had argued, was the best possible place for the punishment, and, in addition, it would have a salutary influence upon the half-thousand Chinagoes on the

plantation. Schemmer had also volunteered to act as executioner, and in that capacity he was now on the scaffold, experimenting with the instrument he had made. A banana-tree, of the size and consistency of a man's neck, lay under the guillotine. Ah Cho watched with fascinated eyes. The German, turning a small crank, hoisted the blade to the top of the little derrick he had rigged. A jerk on a stout piece of cord loosed the blade, and it dropped with a flash, neatly severing the banana trunk.

"How does it work?"

The sergeant, coming out on top of the scaffold, had asked the question.

"Beautifully," was Schemmer's exultant answer. "Let me show you."

Again he turned the crank that hoisted the blade, jerked the cord, and sent the blade crashing down on the soft tree. But this time it went no more than two-thirds of the way through.

The sergeant scowled.

"That will not serve," he said.

Schemmer wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"What it needs is more weight," he announced.



"But I am not Ah Chow—" Ah Cho began. "Shut up!" was the answer.

Walking to the edge of the scaffold he called his orders to the blacksmith for a 25-lb. piece of iron. As he stooped over to attach the iron to the broad top of the blade, Ah Cho glanced at the sergeant and saw his opportunity.

"The honourable judge said that Ah Chow was to have his head cut off," he began.

The sergeant nodded impatiently. He was thinking of the fifteen-mile ride before him that afternoon to the windward side of the island, and of Berthe, the pretty half-caste daughter of Lafiere, the pearl-trader, who was waiting for him at the end of it.

"Well, I am not Ah Chow. I am Ah Cho. The honourable jailer has made a mistake. Ah Chow is a tall man, and you see I am short."

The sergeant looked at him hastily, and saw the mistake.

"Schemmer," he called imperatively. "Come here."

The German grunted, but remained bent over his task till the chunk of iron was lashed to his satisfaction.

"Is your Chinago ready?" he demanded.

"Look at him," was the answer. "Is he the Chinago?"

Schemmer was surprised. He swore tersely for a few seconds, and looked regretfully across at the thing he had made with his own hands and which he was eager to see work.

"Look here," he said finally, "we can't postpone this affair. I've lost three hours' work already out of those five hundred Chinagos; I can't afford to lose it all over again for the right man. Let's put the performance through just the same. It's only a Chinago."

The sergeant remembered the long ride before him and the pearl-trader's daughter, and debated with himself.

"They will blame it on Cruchot—if it is discovered," the German urged. "But there's little chance of it's being discovered. Ah Cho won't give it away, at any rate."

"The blame won't lie with Cruchot anyway," the sergeant said. "It must have been the jailer's mistake."

"Then let's go on with it. They can't blame us. Who can tell one Chinago from another? We can say that we merely carried out instructions with the Chinago that was turned over to us. Besides, I really can't take all those coolies a second time away from their labour."

They spoke in French, and Ah Cho, who did not understand a word of it, nevertheless, knew that they were determining his destiny. He knew, also, that the decision rested with the sergeant, and he hung upon that official's lips.

"All right," announced the sergeant. "Go ahead with it. He is only a Chinago."

"I'm going to try it once more, just to make sure."

Schemmer moved the banana-trunk forward under the knife, which he had hoisted to the top of the derrick.

Ah Cho tried to remember maxims from "The Tract of the Quiet Way." "Live in concord" came to him, but it was not applicable. He was not going to live. He was about to die. No, that would not do. "Forgive malice"—yes, but there was no malice to forgive. Schemmer and the rest were doing this thing without malice. It was to them merely a piece of work that had to be done—just as clearing the jungle, ditching the water, and planting cotton were pieces of work that had to be done. Schemmer jerked the cord, and Ah Cho forgot "The Tract of the Quiet Way." The knife shot down with a thud, making a clean slice of the tree.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the sergeant, pausing in the act of lighting a cigarette. "Beautiful, my friend."

Schemmer was pleased at the praise.

"Come on, Ah Chow," he said, in the Tahitian tongue.

"But I am not Ah Chow—" Ah Cho began.

"Shut up!" was the answer. "If you open your mouth again I'll break your head!"

The overseer threatened him with a clenched fist, and he remained silent. What was the good of protesting. Those foreign devils always had their way. He allowed himself to be lashed to the vertical board that was the

size of his body. Schemmer drew the buckles tight—so tight that the straps cut into his flesh and hurt. But he did not complain. The hurt would not last long. He felt the board tilting over in the air toward the horizontal, and closed his eyes. And in that moment he caught a last glimpse of his garden of meditation and repose. It seemed to him that he sat in the garden. A cool wind was blowing, and the bells in the several trees were tinkling softly. Also, birds were making sleepy noises, and from beyond the high wall came the subdued sound of village life.

Then he was aware that the board had come to rest, and from muscular pressures and tensions he knew that he was lying on his back. He opened his eyes. Straight above him he saw the suspended knife blazing in the sunshine. He saw the weight which had been added, and noted that one of Schemmer's knots had slipped. Then he heard the sergeant's voice in sharp command. Ah Cho closed his eyes hastily. He did not want to see that knife descend. But he felt it—for one great, fleeting instant. And in that instant he remembered Cruchot and what Cruchot had said. But Cruchot was wrong. The knife did not tickle. That much he knew before he ceased to know.

THE END.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S



MRS. FRED. REYNOLDS,
Whose new novel, "The Lady in Grey," is being published
by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

ANDREW LANG ON AUTHORS, JOURNALISM, AND OTHER MATTERS.

IF being in receipt of perpetual lectures, censure, and good advice were beneficial to taste and morals, the Press, the Church, the Pulpit, and the Stage should by this time be in a state of almost ideal perfection. The Press especially "catches it." There is an association of which I am a member (unless I have neglected to keep on paying my subscriptions) for the improvement of the English language, which suffers more from journalism than from any other source of defilement.

The novelist follows the gay excesses of the journalist, and I have even met recently, in a work of the highest culture by a most accomplished writer, the words "fictional" and "phenomenal," used as the journalist uses them. I know not why we should call Fielding's novels "fictional," any more than we call a speech by, say, Lord Morley "oratorical"; and in a world which, as far as we can know it, entirely consists of phenomena, of things apparent, I do not see why we should call anything extraordinary "phenomenal."

Here, then, is a little subscription towards the purity of the English language, but all experience shows that such protests are vain. To be sure in a tiny book, "Le Grand Dictionnaire des Precieuses" (1660) one finds that many affected expressions used by learned ladies have gone out of use, not because they were laughed at, but because they were mere frivolities of the hour, generally poetical periphrases for ordinary things. This kind of affectation, it is curious to notice, is not necessarily a birth of extreme late refinement and decadence. The old Icelandic poets of the killing times never used a direct word for anything if they knew a "kenning" or poetical periphrasis for the same. Yet they were not dawdling "aesthetes" (a word that "like 'damn,'" according to Bob Acres, "has had its day"), but were men who went with battle-axes on their shoulders, and carried their lives in their hands.

The most affected author whom I ever looked into was an Anglo-Saxon who wrote rather before King Alfred's day. As it was not easy to be affected in Anglo-Saxon, he wrote in a Latin so "precious" that no Roman could have understood him. Our most accomplished stylists, though they avoid simplicity like a rattlesnake, and never use the customary word for



"THE WIZARD OF RHODESIA": MISS GERTRUDE PAGE.

Miss Page, who has been called the "Wizard of Rhodesia," is making a name for herself as a writer of African stories. Her latest work, "The Silent Rancher," is being published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

anything if they can think of something worse, were models of commonplace compared to the learned Anglo-Saxon. It appears that the Danes never caught him and carved the blood eagle upon him.

Journalism, I believe, has been defined by Lord Morley, for the benefit of the Imperial Press Congress, as "literature in a hurry." Consequently, being in a

hurry, journalism has no time for affectations, but calls a spade a spade, not "a monumental shovel." So far, journalism affords a corrective for the too subtle and the superfine. Its error takes the opposite course, hurrying towards "fictional" and "phenomenal."

The old style, thirty years ago, in journalism had one stern rule, but that, unhappily, favoured the glossy periphrasis. You must not repeat the same word. A man I knew, a great Oxford coach, fell to journalism, and had to write an article on the Twelfth of August—a topic of which he was exhaustively ignorant. He mentioned



MR. CLIVE HOLLAND,
Whose new book, "Tyrol and its People," has been published
by Messrs. Methuen.

grouse several times. "You must not repeat the word," said his editor. "Then what am I to call the fowls?" "Oh, say 'the feathered denizens of the moors,'" replied his editor, a man of experience. "The brown bird that is no Philomel" also suggests itself, and "The fowl that seems to clamour 'Come back, come back.'" One might venture "The bird of the red eyelids," and, after that, take refuge in a literal translation of the Gaelic. Still, just as Thackeray preferred to say "a hat" rather than "a swart sombrero" or "a glossy four-and-nine," so now we journalists call a grouse a grouse.

Would that some learned person presented us with an annotated Thackeray. How could a hat, or topper, be purchased for four-and-nine? Here is room for a learned excursus.

The late Dr. Birkbeck Hill was the man for amusing notes. What do we not owe him for his edition of Boswell's "Johnson"! In a "careless ordered" mass of books—it cannot be called a library—I found just now, "as if the fairies had sent it," Dr. Birkbeck Hill's posthumous edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." The paper covers, clean and fresh, still protected the immaculate green boards; yet, on looking at the title-page, it bore the remote date 1905. For four years I must have possessed this gift of the Clarendon Press and not known my own happiness!

One opens on Milton. How the good Doctor hated the man, and "the sullen gloom" of his house, from which his first departed Saint, the first Mrs. Milton, fled to her home, declining to answer letters, and "sending his messenger back with some contempt. The lady's family were Cavaliers," says the Doctor with quiet approval. The editor adds a note: "Two opinions do not well on the same bolster, Aubrey."

Milton himself said "Divorçons!" and wrote a treatise on the benefits of divorce, from which I believe that the author of "Daphne; or, Marriage à la Mode," is inclined to dissent.

Swift says that Milton "had a shrew for a wife," whereas Milton was the shrew, and the lady only wanted to be a little gay. Swift said of Milton's argument for divorce—"It is a piece of logic which will hardly pass that because one man has a sore nose, therefore all the town should put plasters on theirs." Howell called Milton "that poor, shallow-brained puppy." Style in those days was simple and free.



"THE COURT OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI": THE REMARKABLE CEILING OF THE TOUR DE LA LIGUE, IN THE CHÂTEAU OF TANLAY.

This remarkable ceiling is in the Château of Tanlay, one of the finest of the Burgundian Renaissance constructions. The painting shows in allegorical manner the Court of Catherine de' Medici.



ART AND THE END-PAPER: THE ELABORATE DESIGN IN COLOUR INSIDE THE COVER OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL, "DAPHNE; OR, MARRIAGE À LA MODE."
Reproduced from the Book by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co. (See Review on Another Page.)



THE COUCH UPON WHICH CHARLES DICKENS PASSED AWAY: THE GREAT NOVELIST'S "DEATH-BED"—NOW IN THE DICKENS' BIRTHPLACE MUSEUM AT PORTSMOUTH.

A SUBMARINE VOYAGE ON LAND: UNDER WATER IN THE WHITE CITY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



. . . *Half a Fathom Deep.* . . .

PASSING A WRECK ON THE "SUBMARINE RAILWAY," AT THE IMPERIAL EXHIBITION.

Amongst the novel side-shows at the White City is that known as the Submarine Railway, which enables the visitor to experience the sensations consequent upon a voyage in a submersible without taking the risks that accompany a trip on a real vessel of the type. More, for he (or she) is treated to sights that the crews of a submarine do not see: a wreck resting upon the sea-bottom, and divers at work. There are four vessels, each shaped like the actual submarine, but fitted to carry passengers comfortably, and with large "observation" windows. For a time each craft is but half submerged: four times during its brief voyage it is beneath the surface, and illuminated "scenes" give the travellers a vivid impression of the waters under the earth. When submerged the boats are, of course, well ventilated by means of air-shafts.

FROM THE REEF

WHAT
THE WIRELESS
TOLD

BY EDWIN BALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

"SCHJETMAN Reef, E. D. Existence doubtful!" the Marconi operator translated his chart to himself. "Shoals, reported in 1905, but also E. D. Reefs, reported 1893, existence doubtful; no, P. D." he corrected himself. "Position doubtful. More reefs, reported . . ."

With the spray of the mid-Pacific night hurricane splashing the glass of even his "wireless" cabin set far up on the highest deck beneath the *Mongolian's* bridge, the operator strained his eyes anxiously into the bursting blackness ahead. His shoulders drew up tensely.

In spurts and short dashes—as a company under fire crouches and crawls while the opposing batteries beat bitterest upon it and then springs forward in the lulls while the batteries must rest or reload—the great *Mongolian*, bound from San Francisco to the Philippines, was making its hard advance. As the hurricane beat it, Harling could feel it almost consciously pause and crouch; then, as the storm fell away, it gathered itself and charged forward once more. The young man caught the handrail at his side and patted it impulsively as the ship, bearing into the very heart of the storm, bruised and battered steadily on again in its course.

"Good old *Mongolian*!" he muttered approvingly. Then, recollecting his preoccupation, he re-seated himself at his instrument, re-clamped his receivers to his ears, and, as he sat again at his "watch" with patiently straining ears, he drew his chart to him once more.

It was of that great empty expanse of the Pacific which lies between a thousand and two thousand miles west of our Hawaiian Islands and double that distance east of the Philippines.

Within those thousands of miles there are, of course, many known and position-determined sea-marks. For instance, only seven hundred miles or so to the east and south of the position which Harling had marked as the *Mongolian's* upon the chart, there is a chain of peaks of marine mountains where the rocks have reached almost or quite to the surface of the sea. Where the peaks have themselves topped the tide-levels they are islands, of course; but, even where the mountain summits have not been able quite to reach the surface, but are so close below it that they might have been dangerous to ships, most of those submerged summits in that part of the Pacific have managed to become islands, anyway. For in those warm waters, millenniums ago, coral attached itself to the sunken peaks and builded them up till they had caught floating vegetation and decay, till land was formed and a few savage inhabitants came, so that they were finally discovered, claimed and put upon the map.

These—the little circular islands with their rings of palm trees, the atolls of our geography days, the craters of the extinct submarine volcanoes which the coral has built up and raised to the surface—are the Ratak chain of the tiny Marshall Archipelago which the Germans claim. And a little farther, almost directly to the south of these, is another chain formed where the subsea mountains have touched the surface, and again, where the peaks almost reached, but not quite, the coral finished them so that they could be securely placed upon the chart and be named and claimed by the British as the Gilbert Islands.

But in the great basin north and east of the Gilberts and Marshalls and south and west of the Hawaiians, though mighty water-buried Mount McKinnleys, Everests, and Matterhorns reach up out from the great ocean sinks almost even to the wash of the sea, nowhere in that ever-stretching water desert has the coral yet come to build upon their peaks to raise them up and make them islands, known and determined. If

you look at the chart you will see them recorded only as Harling read them, "Reefs, reported 18—or 19—" and, after most of them, "E.D." or "P.D."

"Existence doubtful; position doubtful! Why?"

Harling's hands clenched appreciatively as he felt the storm grasp up the great *Mongolian* for an instant, squeeze it and then fling it down contemptuously again. "Because 'dead men tell no tales,'" he quoted grimly. "So these," he touched his chart, "are only the reefs which those who found them have escaped. But what of the uncharted reefs—" He paused again in the awe of the storm. "The unreported reefs, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

His hands had clenched again and his muscles tightened spontaneously. At the subconscious alarm, instinctively he had raised himself in his seat and strained his eyes out into the blue and yellow lightning-rent pall ahead. Still faint and imperceptible almost, but distinct enough now to call consciously to the operator, the tapper within the receptor before him quivered and trembled. A quiver again, and then once more the trembling tap sounded from the resonator.

Now, stronger and more audible, as the *Mongolian* bruised its way farther within the range of the other's communication, the tapper rattled again. A long,

come to him, hearing the call, come trembling to him through the storm. Again the tapper rattled, and, in the same trembling panic, the call clattered out once more.

"The call in the Continental code!" Harling muttered. "And—lightning doesn't throw off the messages that way. That's—lost nerve!"

The terrible suspense and exaltation of one who holds his yellow envelope unopened came to Harling, magnified a thousandfold. For somewhere in that black, broken, hurricane-hurled wash of the ocean before him, somewhere within a circle of the probable hundred miles limiting "wireless" communication that night, somewhere ahead or to starboard or to port or in any of the circle of leagues between, a ship was trembling out its chattering call through the storm, and the man who was sending was in fear.

Harling lifted his head.

"There's no one answering," he exulted. "I guess it's ours!"

He pressed his key down firmly and with a hiss and crash, which deafened for its instant even the lightning without, the great blue twelve-inch spark leaped across the spark gap; and from the humming ninety-foot aërials overhead the answering electric waves spread steadily back against the storm. With



"He seemed to have run out of 'save us-es,' so . . . I'm trying again to ask him where he thinks he is, Sir."

trembling tap; a quick, nervous rap; a tremble again; then, the rap and again the quiver.

Harling, with his chart swept aside, waited, alert, cool, collected. His hand, which had shot forward impulsively to his key, sustained the steady fingers over it patiently. Discipline of habit was so strong that, when it had again taken command, it had mastered automatically the impulse which had first

quick, rattling volleys of discharges from the high-power current, "*Mongolian*!" he signalled. "Position about 176 W., 14.45 N. Westbound."

"Ra-attle, rap, ra-a-attle, rap, ra-attle," the "call" was still trembling in the *Mongolian's* resonators. The lip of the operator curled.

"Why doesn't he stop sending, to receive?" he demanded, angry in his impatience now.

[Continued overleaf.]

THEIR GRACES: THE LEADERS OF BRITISH SOCIETY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. C. WILMSHURST.



NO. VI—THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Before her marriage to the ninth Duke of Manchester, which took place in 1900, the Duchess was Miss Helena Zimmerman, daughter of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. Their Graces have two sons, the elder of whom was born in October 1902; and two daughters.

"*Mongolian*. 176 W., 14.45 N. Westbound!" the eruption from Harling's coils roared again. "What do you want?"

"*Mongolian!*" he found himself writing his transcription as the receptor clattered. "*Mongolian!*" the man was repeating senselessly in his fearful panic of joy. "Yacht *Irvessa* going to pieces on reef. Help us! Must have aid at once. Help us! Help us!" the sounder kept clattering feverishly. "Come to us. We cannot last."

Harling pressed his lips tight in his disgust. With the quickness and certainty of his letters of the trained operator, but with the trembling clatter of the craven spelling them, the message chattered on. The young operator's tense muscles snapped down upon his key.

"Ash-cra-ash!" his coils roared their imperative interruption. "Ash-ash-ash-ash-ash!" they exploded rapidly. "Cra-ash!"

"What reef?" they roared steadily to the other. "What is your position?"

"... Help us for..." Harling snapped his lead over the words the tapper kept making him write. He sprang upon his key again.

"Cra-ash-ash!" his spark erupted its vain interruption again. "Where are you?" it demanded.

He stopped again to listen. But not for a second in the panic of his sending had the other man held his current to receive.

"What is your position? What reef are you upon?" Harling volleyed back madly in his impotency. "*Irvessa!*" he tried to command after another second's wait. "Send your position at once!"

"... two hours ago—have thirty on board..."

"The fool!" Harling cried helplessly into the storm.

"Call—call—call—call," he read the dots and dashes on his tape contemptuously from the beginning. "*Mongolian* *Mongolian*. Yacht *Irvessa* going to pieces on reef. Help us! Must have aid at once. Come to us! We cannot last..."

There was the break where Harling himself had been sending, but "... Help us," the whine was repeated again "... are going to pieces—are going to pieces... cannot last half-hour; have been breaking up two hours for... thirty aboard. I am Pickney, owner—E. H. Pickney..."

Yet again, as Harling swore softly to himself, the roar of the *Mongolian's* great spark silenced the resonator, and yet again, as the last discharge which crashed its demand across the space hissed down, the receptor unheeding continued its clattering jerks. "... will reward..." it chattered on in its heedless fright; "... only come..."

Harling grabbed up the bridge communicator.

"Captain? Harling!" he reported quickly. "I have picked up Yacht *Irvessa* by 'wireless,' Sir! She reports she is going to pieces on a reef. ... I didn't know, Sir. ... I don't know. ... No, Sir. ... No, I can't even get them to listen. ... Yes, Sir. Thank you!"

Black sheets of rain flooded the glass ahead, and the chattering of the resonator had ceased as the captain slid back the door. The spark behind was already volleying rapidly again.

"It's a bender of a night," the captain nodded to the other's look as, shiny and dripping, he stood over the operator and glanced through the transcription of the messages. He nodded his understanding again as he put them down, "What are you sending now?"

"He seemed to have run out of 'save us-es,' so, on the chance he may be listening, I'm trying again to ask him where he thinks he is, Sir. Ah! Here it comes."

"It says..." "I don't know. I don't know," Harling read it slowly. "We were bound for San Francisco," the panicky chattering of the sounder was running on more rapidly now, "from Manila. Have been driven before this storm two days till struck this reef. No land within thousand miles. Come to us! We are breaking up. We..."

The captain nodded his fuller comprehension as he turned from the operator, and Harling swore unrebuked.

"The Schjetman reef is the only charted reef within three hundred miles of our reckoning," the captain said, "and that is almost two hundred miles to west. Could you send that far to-night?" he asked the operator.

"I don't think even we could," Harling said, "and a yacht..."

"What are you asking?" the captain asked, as the other broke off and the spark roared out again.

"For his radius of communication. Here it comes, Sir: 'Seventy miles, I think.'"

"A yacht under these conditions?" the captain asked the other's opinion. "Even if he could make seventy, that precludes the Schjetman—if it's in the place the charts show it. What are you asking?"

"His aërials. How long his wires are! Here it comes—"

"'Thirty feet,'" Harling read. "Seventy miles!" he exclaimed. "The—" Harling checked himself. "We must have been within forty miles to get him at all to-night, Sir," he said. "If we are going towards him we might now be within thirty-five. But, of course, he may be anywhere within a circle of the forty miles. What, Sir?"

"Some unreported reef, then, I said," the captain muttered. "Where? You have said it yourself." He jerked his head to the blackness without. "Anywhere within a reach of forty miles ahead or either side. And this night we could scarcely see, even a searchlight, five miles. Unless you can—what's that?"

"'Save us!'" Harling read in answer. "'We're breaking up! We're breaking up. Save us! Sa—'"

The chattering was checked in the midst of a letter.



Harling looked at the last of those newspaper portraits. How did he, Sammers, act?

The older man watched unmoved as the younger sprang upon his key. With far-off rending and ruction of the sky, the seas and heavens vibrated and shook. Feeble, powerless and unheeded, the *Mongolian's* little blue spark hissed into the storm.

"*Irvessa!*" it cried. "*Irvessa!* Pickney! *Irvessa!*"

The captain put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder as he looked up. A moment before, in his intolerant, impatient impulse, he had been swearing at the man who had now ceased to call. But his eyes now filled with tears which he let his commander see, unashamed. Again he called and again. No answer came.

"You've done all you could, boy; they're gone," the captain said with what, to youth, seems the callous acceptance and easy resignation of the old.

Yet he waited while the boy turned rebelliously again to his key. Again he signalled and again; but the taps which had brought him the chattering cries of him going to death upon his little yacht sounded no more. The one who had called to the boy had been one whom, through every rap and tremble of his messages, the boy had despised! yet he had called to this boy for help, and now he was gone—unaided. Harling raised his head.

"They're gone, Sir."

The captain gathered up the operator's transcriptions silently.

"I want these for the log," he said. "They are complete? The yacht *Irvessa*, and the man who was sending said he was Pickney, owner?"

"The *Irvessa*," Harling checked it off from the tape of his automatic register. "Yes, Sir. The man who was sending said he was E. H. Pickney, owner, and there were thirty on board. It is all there, Sir."

"Very good. The *Irvessa*—yacht," the captain reviewed them absently. "Pickney—yes, E. H. Pickney, owner." He nodded to the operator. "Thank you."

"Why, Sir?" the boy started impulsively as he watched him. "Have you ever, Sir—do you happen to know anything of it, Sir?"

"The *Irvessa*?" the captain was rather repeating it to the himself. "Yes," he decided finally. "It's in my cabin, I think, he went on quickly as he moved away. 'I'll have it sent you. The first page or somewhere in the Sunday section,' he ran on enigmatically. 'I shall be on the bridge. If—if any other ship calls, report to me at once!'"

Harling settled the receivers over his ears in acknowledgment. He was straining silently over the resonators when the Japanese boy laid before him the San Francisco paper of their day of sailing.

"The *Irvessa*," the first large type read which met his eye. It was under the picture of a yacht, and about the yacht were three portraits, "Miss Frances Durant," "Etherington H. Pickney," and "Lieutenant Sammers." His eyes raced over the accompanying column quickly. The story was told in the picturesque colours of a Sunday newspaper "write up."

The men had been boy friends and then rivals. The poor man—the lieutenant—had won. The loser—the rich man—under the agreement, was to be groomsman for his friend.

The lieutenant was then sent to the Philippines for three years. The girl and the other man remained in the same city. When the three years were almost up,

the friend had offered to come for the lieutenant in his yacht. He had suggested that the girl and her mother surprise the groom by accompanying him on the yacht to bring him home. Sammers met them at Manila, and then— The Sunday paper gave the girl full credit for not herself breaking off the engagement. It was certain she did not. But the lieutenant saw how matters stood.

His friend, who was able to give comfort and luxury in the three years, had "friendly," insidiously, but surely, been schooling and accustoming the girl

to his manner of comforts and luxuries till they had become practically necessities for her. Sammers had seen the hopelessness of the situation for him—a lieutenant on the army pay. He blamed no one—not even the army. He merely released the girl; and, as Pickney was to have stood groomsman for him, now he would stand for Pickney. He would even come back with them upon the yacht for the wedding in America.

The paper further described the yacht, the oil-fed engines and motor-dynamos, the "wireless," which Pickney himself operated. The crew, with servants, was twenty-six.

Harling looked down at the dots and dashes which his automatic register had recorded upon the tape. Well—there was the story.

Of the girl with the clear-cut, straight features? No; the tape told nothing of her. How did she act when the boat went to pieces? And did she, then, turn to this trembling, tape-chattering one whom she had last chosen? Or did she—?

Harling looked at the last of those newspaper portraits.

How did he, Sammers, act? His features had little of the refinement and the developed culture of the other man's face; but his features, though they were broader and less finely cut, were straighter, and his chin and lips set firmly. Oh, of course, in the silence of the resonators concerning him it was easy to imagine that—

"Ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap!" the resonators were ringing steadily. The first start of hope which startled Harling forward dropped him back limply.

"M MM M M," it registered itself mechanically upon his mind. It must be some private call or some other ship, for the sound and "feel" of the sending

hand was far different, too. It was firm and steady, and upon this vessel there was no panic.

But "Ta-ap, ta-ap!" it kept coming. "M M M M!" "Ta-ap, ta-ap!" "M M!" No: "A A!" Harling shouted crazily. "A A! A A!"

Mechanically his mind had taken it in the code he had been using—the Continental, which wrote it in senseless Ms upon his mind; but in the burst of his returning alertness, "A A!" it came. "The Navy code! The general call in the Navy code, of course! The Navy code!"

"*Mongolian!*" the roar of his answering spark behind him subdued his excitement for the moment. Of course, a hundred ships might call in the Navy code; and why should the *Irvessa*?

"*Irv*—" he spelled, with the sweat breaking out again—"essa," spelled the taps in the Navy code. "The *Irvessa!*" he cried. He took down the bridge telephone.

"Captain!" he shouted. "Captain! Harling. I've the *Irvessa* again, Sir!"

"Look!" he cried, pointing at the tape, and forgetful of his transcription, as the captain again stood dripping over him. "The *Irvessa*, Sir. It's not the same one—not Pickney sending, Sir, for it's in the Navy code, and besides—"

Steadily and firmly, and without chatter and tremor, the message was coming in.

"And, besides, this one's no regular operator, Sir; he's just picked it up. But he—keeps his nerve. Listen, Sir. He's been saying, '*Irvessa* is aground on reef probably within thirty-five miles of you getting message. Storm centre passing direct north-east us. Heaviest lightning ten miles north-east by east. There is big break clouds now, directly east.'"

The *Mongolian's* spark roared out:

"Storm centre south-west us, lightning by west. We can see break south by west. Are steering south-west by west to find you. How long can you last?"

"'Maybe half-hour,'" the tape spelled.

"We cannot make better than twelve knots," the *Mongolian's* spark roared out mercilessly at the captain's nod. "Cannot reach you within two hours, even steering direct for you. Have you lifeboats? Where was that lightning?"

"Two! East by north."

"Guide us by 'wireless' long as can, then take to boats. Take rockets on boats."

"Lifeboats left yacht ten minutes ago!"

Harling read—"during break in communication. Each carries fourteen persons. I—they started with rockets," the tape corrected itself as Harling read, "but are using them already."

"First boat must have used all," Harling took up the reading again; "second almost." It stopped a moment more. "They now seem understand from direction my searchlight you coming from north-east. Their lights seem moving towards you. Fear all rockets gone, but they have lanterns. Depend only upon lanterns."

"Who are you?" the *Mongolian* demanded, as it changed course slightly. "How many crew stayed with you?"

"One. All needed for dynamos. Have oil

tapper spelled with patient obedience, "'from Manila to San Francisco, with Pickney, Mrs. H. T. Durant, Miss Durant, Sammers, lieutenant, and crew twenty-six. Caught this storm two days ago, just beyond Marshall Islands. Been out of reckoning since we . . . struck submerged reef bow on,'" the tapping proceeded steadily; "'heavy sea driving, signalled two hours before caught you, almost immediately then sea pounded off stern, swinging rest broadside, but

miles to the north'" had come. "'Remember boats due east have lanterns only.'"

The tapping had come to an ordered end. In the sudden clear and lull which goes before the detonation of the heavens, the young operator and the officer looked at each other helplessly. Far off on his black reef the man who had been speaking to them so steadily and impassionately through his danger had now said his last plain, practical words and had closed his key orderly to face his death.

The boy's lips twitched as he sat at his useless key. The captain had turned away and was gazing out ahead where the new storm was gathering itself for its swoop upon the sea surface. The boy picked up the illustrated newspaper which he had dropped, and looked carefully again at the face of the third picture there. Then, reaching quietly to his key, he touched it assuredly.

"Sammers!" his recognition flashed simply, convincingly over the sea. "Sammers!" he repeated his simple tribute.

He strained tensely; and, yes, his lip dropped, and he fell away in disappointment, for the other was acknowledging it. But no!

"First boat shows three lanterns"—it was merely the forgotten, but essential, detail which came; "'the second, one. Three lanterns, mile and half east; slightly north, one lantern. I think, women in first with Pickney, but in confusion sh—Miss Durant may be in second boat. Crew was evenly divi—'"

In the midst of the word, this time, the record had ceased and the tape of the automatic register unrolled blank. That was all.

"Cra-ash!" the *Mongolian's* spark roared as Harling sprang upon his key. "Cra-ash!" it burst desperately. "*Irvessa!*" it called. "*Irvessa!* Sammers! Sammers! *Irvessa!*"

But from the great, swirling, black, blue-shot hell where the storm had broken anew the wild blasts beat back the futile little coil-currents, played with them, tangled and destroyed them.

The captain had sprung to his bridge. Beneath him, Harling felt the great *Mongolian* shudder and falter; and then, as it crouched, trembling, suddenly it gathered itself again and sprang at the waves. For an instant, as it leaped, the vibration which jarred all through told that the screws had broken spray at the stern and the engines were racing. Then the stern

sank deep again, caught the sea, and pushed sturdily forward.

Harling caught his breath evenly again and settled back; but, as quickly, he was panting again and he rose in his seat.

"Tap, ta-ap!" his resonator was sounding. "Tap!" he recognised it surely now and tingled all over, with the blood pricking in his veins.

"Cra-ash!" Harling filled his spark gap with the crackling blue current, released it quickly, and held it long again. "Cra-ash!" he answered. Spontaneously he noted that the tape was registering again.



Flung themselves upon the rope-marked path of the shot, and, binding themselves together, jumped into the sea.

both lifeboats got away safely," it went on evenly. "Have pointed searchlight your direction and believe them trying make for you."

"Who are you?" *Mongolian* repeated its question patiently again. "Answer. Do you get this?"

"Get you," the tapper replied at once. "Second storm seems gathering south-west here," the answer continued, and more rapidly, but as evenly. Far off the *Mongolian*, too, felt the storm in the south-west gather fresh head. "Be upon us in moment!" The nature of the tapping told well why the sender had no time now for personalities. "We probably



Where the reef held the bowsprit highest something was moving.

fuel; dynamo-room well protected. He can keep current for "wireless" and searchlight long as we hold at all."

"Who are you? Keep signalling. Are altering our resistance prove distance from you and directness approach. Keep signalling. Who are you?"

"*Irvessa*; owner E. H. Pickney, San Francisco. Skipper Adrian," Harling read monotonously as the

shall not last it, but both boats should. They are now over mile, due east here. Look for them both on line, due east you make this position being, but don't expect them together. The farthest now almost two miles off, but other seems trying stay near, I believe, to pick us up, but is being driven far off. New storm head now almost directly over us," the direction came as impassively as the "lightning ten

"See reflection your searchlight, I think, on clouds due north-east," Harling read from the tape. "Both boats"—he put the receivers to his ears and read the taps as they went on—"lived out that blow. See lights of both due east. Steer south south-west for them. Do not expect my light or further direction. We must go very soon; sea very high. You could not approach reef, anyway. The boats . . ."

"That was our light!" Harling's spark interrupted. "We are well within ten miles. Storm hit us six minutes after you! We will reach you very soon. Can't you hold . . ."

He had stopped the roar behind him to answer the call from the bridge.

" . . . do not attempt . . ." had come in on the tape. But—

"We see your light!" Harling's spark roared back. "We have cannon for shot-line aboard, and we . . ."

"Are breaking now," the answer interrupted; and Harling paused a moment to take it. "Do not try reach us at all!" it rang like a command.

"Boats have twenty-eight; here are two. See you plainly now, but have just lost the boats due east. Steer south—steer south. Have you . . ."

"Have sighted one boat!"

"How many lanterns?"

"Three."

"Good! That first. Have you sighted other? Should be mile half due west other. Have you sighted?"

"Make out fourteen in boat. All apparently well."

"Good. Have you sighted other? Do you make out women?"

"Will have them in instant."

"The women? . . . Answer, *Mongolian*! Do you make out women? . . . Answer! Do you make women in boat sighted? Have you sighted other?"

"We are taking them on. All are safe."

"Were women in that boat? Have you sighted other?"

"One woman being taken on first. She is safe. Have not yet sighted other boat."

"Then she—other woman is in other boat. Do not give it up. Use searchlight. They may have lost lantern."

"Have taken off Mrs. Durant, Pickney, and twelve crew. All safe."

"Have you sighted other boat?"

"We are looking for it."

"Do not give it up. Remember, had but one lantern. You must pick them up by searchlight. Have you sighted them?"

"We are looking."

"Stop where now are and search. They cannot be nearer than that. Were in almost line with first boat and here. Stop and search there."

"We are searching."

"Why are you coming on? Have you sighted them?"

"Are looking for them."

"You are not!" the tapper gave the lie direct coolly. "You are trying to come here. Boat would have

been driven beyond your position. Do not give it up! Is absolutely useless to come here. Have you sighted it?"

"Boat must be stern you, I say!" the tapper rapped angrily to Harling, a moment later, as he did not answer. "Do not waste time trying come here; hopeless. Look longer for that boat! Keep looking!"

"We are coming up to lee reef. Will fire line over you. Do you understand? *Irvessa*!" the *Mongolian*'s spark exploded quicker. "*Irvessa*! Do you understand? Call! Call! Call!" it suddenly cried anxiously.

"What?" the tapper asked shortly, after an instant.

"Your light is out! Show a light!"

"I put it out," the resonator replied coolly. "I told you useless come here; and don't give up that boat!" it proceeded. "You cannot do anything here. Search for that boat!"

"Show your light!" the *Mongolian* commanded angrily. "Show your light. *Irvessa*! Sammers!" it blustered. "Show your light."

Ahead the searchlights of the *Mongolian* swept the empty waters. "Show your light!" the spark roared again. "Sammers," it changed to appeal again. "Remember man with you! Now show your light!"

"He stayed with me!" the tapper answered defiantly. "Was getting in second boat and got out to stay and save those you are now giving up. Have not seen him, but I know answer for him, too. We will not show light till you find that boat. Do you see it?"

Harling twisted helplessly at his key. He had tried to keep it back, but the other had forced it. He was angry enough to send it now, anyway.

"Pickney reports second boat capsized. Disappeared and overturned just before we picked them up. We have searched but found nothing. Now show your light."

"It would not sink," the answer returned at once. "They would cling to it. More reason to search now. Look for them!"

"From reported condition, is hopeless; but can save you. Show. *Irvessa*! *Irvessa*!"

Weak from the strain, Harling sank back after his calls.

"The fool!" he whispered softly.

But ahead and under the bridge was a commotion. Almost under its bow the *Mongolian* had stumbled upon the second life-boat, with lantern and oars gone, but still upright, and with its crew clinging to its seats.

Taking it to lee, the great ship swung around, and, as the ropes were flung down, a hundred hands pulled the survivors to the deck.

Back to his key as the last man was pulled aboard, Harling took up his receivers again mechanically. He had seen and noted each clearly as they were taken

over the side, and there were no women among the rescued from that boat.

Then the resonators sprung to life again.

"Have you found them?" the tapping was demanding. "You stopped."

"We found them," Harling cut it short.

"Was she . . ." The captain entered.

The boy appealed to the other. "Shall I tell him now?"

"Tell him!" The captain bent over the younger one kindly. "Look. There's another blow coming—so tell him that we saved *fourteen* from the first boat, *fourteen* from the second."

His own sending spark answered him. "Cra-sh! Cra-a-ash!"

"She is with you!" Harling was volleying madly now in his race with the storm. "All rest saved. She one stayed!"

White and clear, even through the lightning, the bright glare of a searchlight blazed out ahead.

"He got it!" Harling cried.

Cracking and swaying as the sea tore apart the last wreck of the yacht upon the reef, the light winked and was gone.

The *Mongolian*'s searchlights now bore upon the wreck and showed it in plain view. Sea after sea broke above it and washed down, sweeping it clear; but up where the reef held the bowsprit highest something was moving.

A thousand yards to lee, then five hundred, and at last scarce two, the great liner stopped, and merely held steerage-way. A moment the wind fell, and, before it rose again, a shot shrieked off from the bow, and the coil of the lifeline leaped from the deck. On the bow of the *Irvessa*, the self-moving things, there flung themselves upon the rope-marked path of the shot, and, binding themselves together, jumped into the sea.

With the wash of the waves sending slack to the line as it was pulled, the rope's burden came along-side; and for an instant then, as they touched the liner's side, the sea was merciful.

Numb to senselessness and bruised, but still breathing, the sea gave them up.

"She will live now!" The doctor put out his hand to restrain the struggle of the one whom the captain had revived beside her.

But, as she opened her eyes and passing by the faces of those that bent over her and turned to the one beside her, that one sprang up and caught her to him, and as she tried to raise her head to his he bent over and pressed his lips against hers before he fell back into the arms of those behind him, and he gave her to the others to be carried below.

THE END.



As she tried to raise her head to his he bent over and pressed his lips against hers.

Built of the Wood of Lemon-trees; Purified by an Egg, a Torch, and Sulphur.

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.



ENSURING THE SAFETY OF MARINERS AND THEIR COMMERCE: THE SACRED BOAT OF ISIS.

"During the last centuries of paganism," writes M. André Saglio in the "Century," "the most important and brilliant festival celebrated in all the cities on the Mediterranean coast was that of Isis, the good goddess, symbol of birth and life, who watched over the safety of mariners and protected their commerce. . . . As the first ray of sunlight shot across the horizon, a long procession started from the temple and wound its way slowly towards the port. . . . A ship made of lemon-tree wood, decked for her maiden voyage, lay moored there. The High Priest embarked and proceeded to purify the ship from end to end by means of a lighted torch, an egg, and some sulphur. The sail, covered with sacred inscriptions, was spread to the breeze. Then, while the devout poured their libations of milk into the sea, the vessel sailed with her silent crew of statues out into the high sea."

BAREFOOT CROQUET AS A CURE: SHOELESS SOCIETY AT PLAY.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



NEW FASHIONS FOR AN OLD GAME: BARE-FOOTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN PLAYING CROQUET.

It would seem that quite a number of people now find pleasure, and possibly profit, in playing croquet with the feet bare, not, as might be imagined, in more or less primitive fashion on the sands of the seashore, but on the well-kept lawn of the country house, to say nothing of that of the suburban villa. All those who have played the game with bare feet praise the method highly, claiming that the naked foot has a far better grip on the turf than the foot that rests on a sole of leather or indiarubber. It is further claimed that the touch of the soles of the feet against the earth has a soothing effect upon the nerves.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE: A SUMMER STUDY IN FRANCE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH BAIL.



*"Their
First
Communion."*

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

Peace.—“In Peace was Rever Gentle Lamb More Mild.”



“SMILING CALMNESS SILVER'D O’ER THE DEEP.”

War.—“In War was Never Lion Raged More Fierce.”



“A MIGHTY SEA FORCED BY THE TIDE TO COMBAT WITH THE WIND.”

Photograph Reproduced by Permission of the Autotype Company, 74, New Oxford Street, London.

GEMS AMONG GEMS: THE MOST PRECIOUS OBJECTS IN THE £1,000,000 VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



1. THE MERODE CUP AND COVER: A BEAKER, WITH A COVER OF SILVER-GILT, DECORATED WITH TRANSPARENT ENAMELS. EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY. MADE IN FLANDERS. 7 INCHES HIGH; 4 INCHES IN DIAMETER. PRIVATELY PURCHASED FOR £400 IN 1872.
2. THE MARTELLI MIRROR: A FINE SPECIMEN OF BRONZE RELIEF-WORK, WITH GOLD AND SILVER INLAIS. SUPPOSED TO BE THE WORK OF DONATELLO. BOUGHT FROM THE MARTELLI FAMILY FOR £650 IN 1854.

3. A ROCK-CRYSTAL EWER. BEAUTIFULLY TRANSPARENT. OF BYZANTINE WORKMANSHIP. 8½ INCHES HIGH; 5½ INCHES ACROSS. PRIVATELY PURCHASED FOR £450 IN 1862.
4. A STANDING MIRROR. FRAME OF CARTOUCHE WORK ON STEEL; ALSO ORNAMENTED WITH GOLD AND SILVER. MADE IN MILAN IN 1550. 3 FEET 10 INCHES HIGH. BOUGHT AT THE SOLTYSKOFF SALE FOR £1282 IN 1861.

5. THE GLOUCESTER CANDLESTICK. IN GUN-METAL, RICHLY GILT. GIVEN TO ST. PETER'S CHURCH GLOUCESTER, BY ABBOT PETER. DATE, 1105-1113. 2 FEET HIGH. BOUGHT AT THE SOLTYSKOFF SALE FOR £651 IN 1861.
6. A CEREMONIAL SALT-CELLAR. SOLID SILVER, SLIGHTLY GILT. HALL-MARK DATE, 1586-87. 2 FEET HIGH. BOUGHT WITH THE MOSTYN HALL COLLECTION FOR £2100 IN 1886.

The fact that to-day (Saturday, the 26th) the King is to open the new building of the Victoria and Albert Museum, lends especial interest to the gems from that exhibition that are illustrated on this page and on the next. These represent eleven of the most precious objects contained in the Museum. To add to the interest, we give in each case the price paid by the authorities.—

OF INCALCULABLE VALUE: THE MOST PRECIOUS OBJECTS IN THE £1,000,000 VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



1. THE OIRON CANDLESTICK. "HENRI DEUX WARE" OR "ST. PORCHAIRE WARE"—FINE PIPECLAY WITH INLAY OF STAMPED DESIGNS IN COLOURED CLAY. DATE, BETWEEN 1530 AND 1540. 13 INCHES HIGH. PRIVATELY PURCHASED FOR £750 IN 1864.
2. A CRUCIFORM RELIQUARY. OAK OVERLAID WITH BEATEN COPPER, WITH PANELS OF CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL, AND 36 IVORY STATUETTES. SUPPOSED MADE IN COLOGNE, ABOUT 1170. 2 FEET HIGH; 18 INCHES ACROSS ARMS. BOUGHT AT THE SOLTYSKOFF SALE FOR £2142 IN 1861.

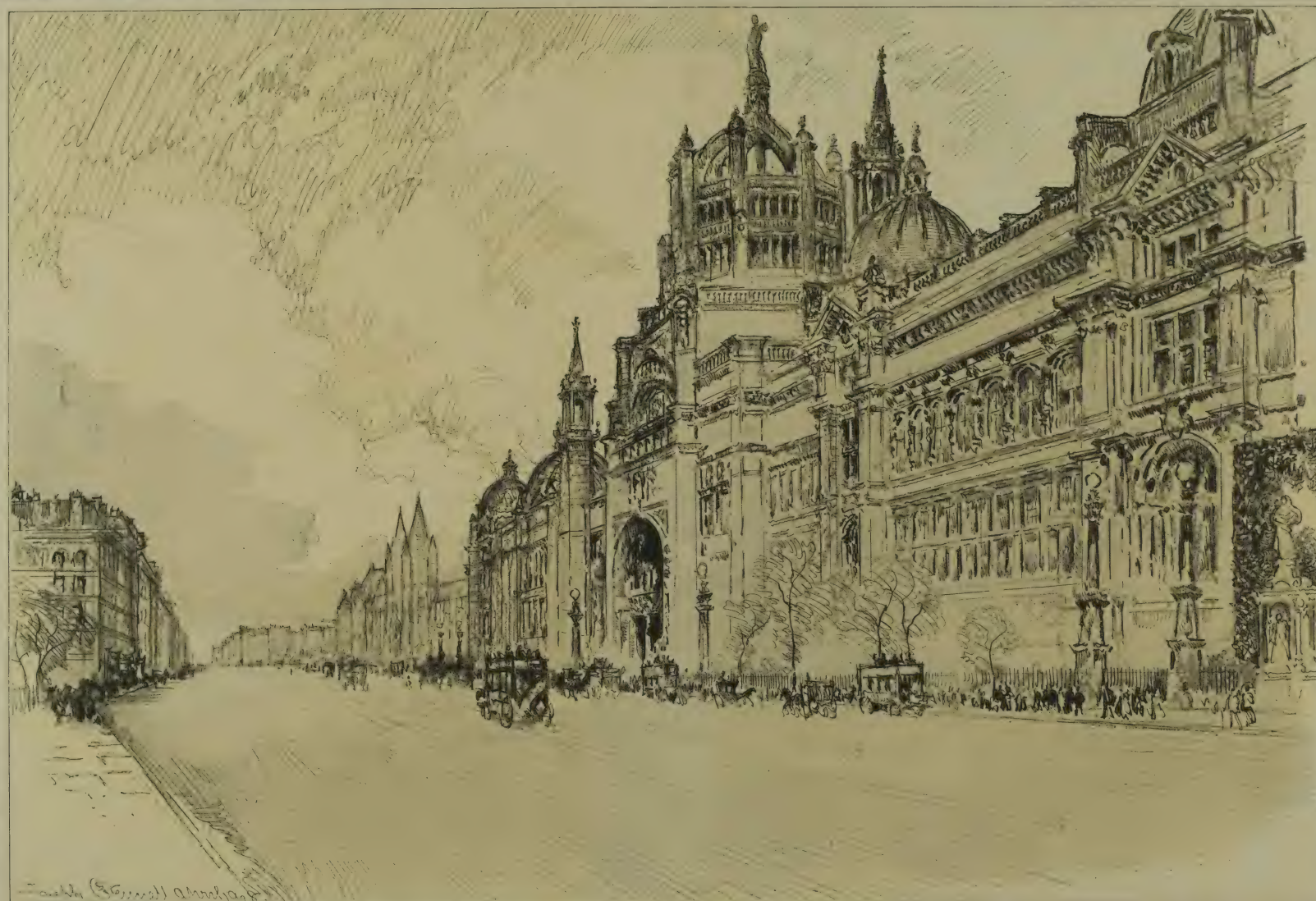
3. A GOLD BOOK-COVER. REPOUSSÉ, CHASING AND ENAMELING IN COMBINATION. SAID TO HAVE HELD QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA'S "BOOK OF THE HOURS," AND TO BE THE WORK OF CELLINI. 4 INCHES BY 3 INCHES, AND 1 INCH THICK. PRIVATELY PURCHASED FOR £700 IN 1864.
4. A PASTORAL STAFF. GILT COPPER, WITH TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL UPON SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES. FRENCH WORK OF 1531. BOUGHT AT THE SOLTYSKOFF SALE FOR £413 IN 1861.

5. A TRIPTYCH. LIMOGES ENAMEL. CHIEF COLOURS: GREEN, PURPLE, BLUE, AND A DULL RED. MADE BY NARDON PÉNICAUD, OF LIMOGES, IN 1499-1513, FOR LOUIS XII. OF FRANCE. IN CENTRE, THE ANNUNCIATION; LOUIS XII. AND ST. LOUIS, AND QUEEN ANNE AND ST. ANNE, ON THE WINGS. 18 INCHES HIGH; 19 INCHES WIDE. PRIVATELY PURCHASED FOR £2000 IN 1877.

—It must not be imagined, however, that the sums named represent anything like present value. That the auction-room alone could decide, and that test, obviously, will not be made. At a guess, it might well be said that the treasures illustrated on our two pages would be cheap at £150,000. To a millionaire collector they might be worth half-a-million pounds.

[See Article on the Second Page of this Issue.]

The New £1,000,000 Home for Treasures of the British Nation: Joseph Pennell's Remarkable Drawing of the Great Building.



BEGUN BY QUEEN VICTORIA: OPENED BY KING EDWARD VII.: THE BEAUTIFUL NEW BUILDING OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

It is arranged that the King shall open the new building of the Victoria and Albert Museum, an extension of the old South Kensington Museum, to-day (Saturday, June 26). Queen Victoria opened the South Kensington Museum in June of 1857, and forty-two years later laid the foundation-stone of the new building, which has cost about £1,000,000. The addition has been erected from the design of Sir Aston Webb.

The "Zoo's" Living Winged Rainbows: The Beau Brummels Among Birds.

THE SOMBRE CROW'S BRILLIANT RELATIVES; BIRDS OF PARADISE.



1. THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE. (PARADISEA APODA. ONE PAIR LIVING. ONE BIRD, RECEIVED IN MARCH, 1905, DIED OF OLD AGE IN FEBRUARY 1909. FOURTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
2. THE VIOLET MANUCODE. (PHONYGAMA PURPUREO-VIOLOCEA. ONE RECEIVED JULY 3, 1908; DIED, OCTOBER 5, 1908. THREE LIVING. SIXTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
3. THE TWELVE-WIRED BIRD OF PARADISE. (SELEUCIDES NIGRICANS. RECEIVED, JUNE 8, 1907. LIVING. THIRD IN ORDER OF RARITY.)

4. LAWES' BIRD OF PARADISE. (PAROTIA LAWESI. MANY SPECIMENS RECEIVED, JULY 3, 1908, AND OCTOBER 5, 1908. NINTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
5. THE KING BIRD OF PARADISE. (CICINNURUS REGIUS. FIRST SPECIMENS RECEIVED OCTOBER 1904—NOW DEAD. THOSE RECEIVED IN 1907 AND 1909 LIVING. FIFTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
6. THE LESSER BIRD OF PARADISE. (PARADISEA MINOR. TWO LENT MARCH 5, 1905; ONE SOLD BY DEPOSITOR AND NOW DEAD; ONE LIVING AT "ZOO." SECOND IN ORDER OF RARITY.)

7. THE RED BIRD OF PARADISE. (PARADISEA RUBRA. ONE RECEIVED JUNE 8, 1907. LIVING. FIRST IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
8. HUNSTEIN'S BIRD OF PARADISE. (DIPHYLLODES HUNSTEINI. MANY SPECIMENS RECEIVED JULY 3, 1908, AND OCTOBER 5, 1908. EIGHTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
9. THE NEW GUINEA RIFLE BIRD. (PTILOPHIS INTERCEDENS. ONE RECEIVED JULY 3, 1908; ONE OCTOBER 5, 1908. LIVING. SEVENTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)
10. COUNT RAGGI'S BIRD OF PARADISE. (PARADISEA RAGGIANA. MANY SPECIMENS RECEIVED, JULY 3, 1908, AND OCTOBER 5, 1908. TENTH IN ORDER OF RARITY.)

The Birds of Paradise are probably most nearly allied to the crows. The male bird, however, is a veritable Beau Brummel in feathers; in beauty of colour he excels all other birds. Beside him, his mate is as a street urchin to a king in his coronation robes. In our illustration is an example of each species of Bird of Paradise that is to be seen at the "Zoo." A few years ago the living Bird of Paradise was exceedingly rare in this country; but now the "Zoo" has an exceptionally fine collection.—[DRAWINGS BY G. E. LONGE]

On the Edge of the Precipice.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY W. BALFOUR-KER.



THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

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Love's Labour.

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD.



MAKING THE WORLD GO ROUND.

"It's love that makes the world go round."

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WREATHS AS ORACLES: THE HUSBAND-SEEKERS.

DRAWN BY JANKOWSKI.



"WHEN SHALL I WED?" VILLAGE GIRLS THROWING GARLANDS OF FLOWERS INTO THE WATER, THAT THEY MAY FIND OUT WHEN THEY WILL BE MARRIED.

In certain Polish villages, on the eve of St. John the Baptist's Day, the young girls throw garlands into the water. Every wreath that is caught by one of the young men in the boats assures speedy matrimony for its fair owner—though no indication of the particular swain who will be won is vouchsafed.

GUARDIAN OF THE PATRON SAINT: THE "PATRONESA."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



RECEIVING GIFTS IN MONEY AND KIND FOR PRESENTING A STATUETTE TO BE KISSED: THE "PATRONESA" CARRYING THE FIGURE OF THE SAINT, IN SARDINIA.

On certain fête days a curious custom is observed in Sardinia. A woman, usually unmarried, is chosen "patronesa," or lady patron. She has the privilege of placing all her jewels on the statue of the saint in question when it is carried in procession. Before the day on which the procession takes place, she goes from house to house carrying a statuette of the saint, which the faithful are permitted to kiss, at the same time dropping coins into the purse presented to them by the patronesa. Accompanying the patronesa is a man bearing a bag into which the poorer people place their gifts, usually of wheat, so contributing in kind instead of in money. The privilege conferred on the patronesa lasts for a year, then it is the turn of another.

Clockwork and Curiosity.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



"THE BEST-LAID SCHEMES O' MICE AND MEN."



By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

Author of "The Red Cravat," "Running Horse Inn."

ILLUSTRATED BY A. H. BUCKLAND.

Sky and woods grew dark; wolves howled in the forest. Carrion-birds were already tearing at some of the carcasses of the slain. Gwent crouched a long time by the bodies of his dead. Then he rose wearily, and carried them into the hovel, where the white ashes of old, happy fires still powdered the trampled floor. He dragged wattles from another hut, and blocked the entrance against beasts of prey. Dim thoughts of vengeance were flickering in his mind. Like a man walking in sleep, he staggered among the dead for footprints of the slayers.

Suddenly a faint voice, gasping, broken with choking sobs, reached his ear.

"Water! Water!"

Between two of the huts, an old slave of the tribe, wounded mortally, had crept away to die.

"Who are they?" cried Gwent in a terrible voice, strange to his own ears. "Where did they go?"

The man whispered the tribe's name; Gwent grasped his arm, and held it while the trembling hand pointed out the forest track which might give him his revenge.

"Water! Water!" gasped the slave, clinging to him with all his ebbing strength.

Snarling between bared teeth, Gwent wrenched free, and ran, brandishing his spear, into the forest. He flung himself at walls of matted leaves; he tore down with savage frenzy the brambles that brushed against face and limbs, heedless of tearing thorns and stinging weeds, with pain ever at his heart. He ran faster and faster; fast as he ran, he could not outstrip his thoughts. A thousand memories buzzed in his brain like bees in a stormed hive. He remembered how he had taught Janedd to run, to leap, to cast his tiny spear; how fearless the boy was; how he had cast young Jaser, so much bigger; and had patted the snarling wolf-cubs that had been brought into the encampment; he was to be a great warrior, a famous hunter; often, in the silent nights, they had waked and spoken of it—he and Asa.

Gwent's fingers tightened on the spear till the blood rushed back from the nails almost to the quick, as he thought of vengeance. Already, he felt his hands closing round yielding flesh and knotted throat muscles; his thumbs were groping remorselessly for eye-sockets; he heard the death-shriek of his foes.

But his rage spent itself. He sank down, shaken by tearless sobs. That could not bring them back. Vengeance could not fill the aching emptiness of his heart. Where had they gone, Asa and little Janedd—where had they gone, that he might find them and bring them back?

Quite suddenly, he sprang up. A memory flashed in his mind, like a light in dark woods. A picture, too quick to be framed in words, fell there, as forest scenery falls and is mirrored on still pools. He was a little naked lad again, listening, with wide eyes, to the old slave's story of the land from which he came. Once, longing perhaps for his own lost ones, he had told the boy of his home at the very world's edge—of the great water, too wide for any living man to cross—of the dim coast beyond it, where the dead were dwelling.

Gwent stood irresolute. Were they there, then—waiting for his coming? Which was the way—the way to the great water?

He would find it, and cross to the other shore; a living man, he would front the terrors of the unknown, and bring them back to their familiar woods. He turned and ran.

The camp lay very desolate in the moonlight. Between the huts the old slave was still gasping out his life.

"Water! Water!" he moaned unceasingly.

Gwent seized his arm: shook him roughly—then, fearful of speeding his passing, released him. "Where is the great water?" he cried hoarsely. "The land from which you came, years back?"

Only the rattle of death, the gurgling cry for water, answered him.

Gwent raced to the brook, and scooped up water between joined hands. He held it close to the dying lips—close enough for the sweet, cool smell to reach the nostrils, not near enough for the parched tongue to reach. "Tell me," he snarled.

"Water—"

The man muttered, tried to point. Gwent bent his ear close to listen, and steadied the dying hand that showed the way.

"Water! Water!"

With the cry in his ears, Gwent sped down the path towards the east.

For days and nights he travelled, stopping not to kill for food, heeding not the glaring eyes of wolves that followed his journeying from the thick under-growth, slaying only when a boar or a great horned bull challenged his passage through the forests. He grudged time for sleep; he plucked berries as he hastened on, and scooped water, running, from the brooks and pools. At last, torn with briars, splashed thickly with mud, his limbs and feet dripping blood, he came to where the land ended—and looked through tangled brake and bramble on the sea.

He gasped at its immensity, its great desolate loneliness. Little waves, creamed with foam, crept up golden sands lying under cliffs of dazzling white. Far away, beyond miles of water, streaked and patched with intensest violet, lay the misty outline of the country of the dead. Never a sail caught the sunlight; never a black prow parted the lonely wastes. And perhaps, on golden sands across the sea, Asa and Janedd were looking wistfully towards the cliffs on which Gwent lay, watching the unknown country, so far away, so hard to reach.

Had he slept? When he looked again, the sun was marching down the heavens in a blaze of splendour; the sea muttered ominously, like a great beast shaking itself from slumber and lacking food. The grateful warmth, the murmur of sea and wind and rustling grasses, had closed his heavy eyes and bathed his limbs, weary with travel, in sleep like refreshing waters. He sprang up, and descended a sloping cliff-face to the sands. They were ribbed by the rippling



Then he rose wearily, and carried them into the hovel.

MANY a little forest-dweller's heart quickened under trembling fur or feather, as Gwent came from his hunting. He splashed, ankle-deep, through brooks and pools; wide reaches of soft grass, treasuring the coolness of centuries of wind and rain, refreshed limbs that ached with long travel. In open glades and on high places he could see red sunset spreading from the west. Overhead, the great trees interlaced; between twigs, and branches, and green foliage, specks of blue sky—intensely blue—peeped like a hundred eyes.

Suddenly, a black dot in a clear expanse of sky presaged a forest tragedy. Gwent stopped and waited. Circling, descending, growing larger, the air-pirate swooped upon its victim. A spray of feathers fluttered to the earth. Clapping his hands, he stooped and plucked the down from four cream-white quills. Then, with his flint hunting-knife, he shaped a square of touchwood into rude semblance of human head and trunk—two quills for arms, two for legs, turned it into a grotesque toy to gladden a child's heart.

He ran, on through the forest. At the edge of a little marsh he fashioned a reed deftly into a rustic pipe. Night had fallen when he came at last to the stockade. Gwent crouched behind the wall; and saw, through the interstices, the wattled roofs of huts—rude hearth-shelters, shut in with brown-leaved boughs. He put the pipe to his lips and whistled—a loud, shrill, melancholy note.

There was no answer, save a faint, long-drawn echo from the forest. He blew again, and strained his ears for laughter, and the patter of bare feet.

"Janedd!" he cried; "Asa!"

"Asa—Asa," moaned the voice of the woods; the faint, sad voice of the woods.

Sudden fear clutched at his heart-strings. He sprang over the stockade; a little stream, purling over moss and pebbles and matted cress, ran red in moonlight. With a great cry Gwent raced towards the huts. A flint-tipped arrow was half buried in trampled earth. He passed a naked body, lying in a pool of blood. A little heap of dead lay in a huddle of twisted limbs on a mound before the huts. Those he sought were not there. In one hand he clutched fiercely his rude weapons, the other still held the tiny toy he had made for little Janedd.

"Asa! Janedd!"

He came to the wattled hovels. He snarled like a wolf as he passed body after body of those who had been his kindred, his friends. Terrible were the faces, staring with glazed eyes at the night—the faces once so familiar. Not a sound stirred of welcome, of laughter, of inquiry.

At the door of his own hut he found them. On the threshold lay Asa, face downwards, over the body of the child she had tried in vain to shield. Her long, black hair like a cloud half veiled her—her hair that his fingers had been so often twined in, that Janedd's dimpled hands had tugged at in baby play, bringing laughing protests so pretty and sweet to hear.

"Asa!" he cried, half sobbing; anguish making his voice loud, shrill, unnatural. She, who had wakened at his slightest whisper, stirred not. He lifted her hand: it dropped limply. He raised her head, and with trembling fingers pressed back the heavy masses of hair. Unseeing eyes looked into his. So beautiful they had been—dark as forest lakes in starlight; so soft for him and Janedd; so soft and true.

Her head sank down.

"Asa, my pretty one! Janedd, my little one!"

But Janedd answered not. His eyes were shut, the long, dark lashes brushing the soft face; the tiny, pearl-like teeth, whose coming had been such a miracle, showed between the parted lips as when he slept. Surely he slept now.

"Janedd! Janedd! Look—look what I have made for you!"

Gwent held up the tiny toy; he blew at the rude pipe to its dancing; there was still no waking.

wavelets; shells, orange-coloured and delicate pink, were scattered here and there. Across the sea the sun had flung a pathway of dazzling gold.

Growing at wasted time, Gwent turned back towards the thicket-fringed cliffs, where rushes were to be had, and beasts for the slaying. On a great inland river he had often waited in his rude coracle, with spear poised, for the silver gleam of fish. He must make a boat—make one, and cross. There were

footprints in the sands, and the paw-marks of dogs. He crouched down, and followed them stealthily, grasping his weapons, and hiding on his way between rocks and jutting cliffs. His eyes lit up as he saw, in a little chine the steep sides of which were clothed with yellow gorse and a riot of flowers and brambles, a tiny coracle of skin and rushes lying on a bank of rounded pebbles. There was no one in sight. Gwent stretched out a brown, knotted hand; he snatched up the frail craft, and ran.

He noted with surprise, as he pushed through the little waves, how the cuts and scratches on his limbs smarted; the water, which should have soothed, pricked and stung; and the spray, splashing on his face as he stooped over the tiny boat, had a taste foreign to all inland streams. Salt as tears it tasted; as if the great water had flowed from the eyes of all the mourners of the world.

The shore, with its white cliffs, and nodding forests, and golden sands, leapt back. Gwent reached the broad roadway of the sun; his naked body shone, the boat changed to glittering metal, the water fell from his paddle in drops of molten gold. He travelled on, breathless, along the splendid, silent highway that led towards the country of the dead.

By and by the land darkened; the trees at the cliffs' edge merged together, gloomy and sombre; the path over the waters changed to rose and then to violet, and spread softly, imperceptibly, until it covered the whole sea. Darkness fell; the little stars peeped out, and danced with the movement of the coracle. Awe at the silence, the loneliness, the unknown depths below, thrilled through him; but he set his teeth, and battled with the sea, which evening winds were stirring into life. The waves rose higher, and flung themselves upon him: tall foes, plumed with feathers of tossing spray. He paused now and again to scoop out water with both hands. Built for calm seas and the shelter of friendly shores, the little craft trembled and plunged and started. The waves muttered under it as they sped by. To Gwent it sounded as if the dead, passing towards their country, flung him words of warning or of scorn at his folly. With his eyes now on the guiding stars, now straining to pierce the darkness for vague forms of the passing souls, he paddled on. Once, unutterable, unreasoning terror gripped him. His hair rose, his skin dried and scaled—where the dead dwelt, what unknown horrors might await him! But even in panic, when fear clutched at his heart with its icy hand, the thought of Asa and Janedd nerved him to endure. He shook his spear at the phantom forms he felt so near him; at the hostile hosts of the black, misty skies. Come what might, he, a living man, would travel by the dead men's road, at the end of which his wife and child were waiting.

Yet his heart sank when, in the dim hour before dawn, he saw the coast-line still far distant, for he knew nothing of the tide that had fought against him through the night. The sun, bringing warmth and colour to the seas, and glittering on the thin white line of distant cliffs, gave him heart again. At midday he could see the dark fissures in the chalk; an hour later a rim of green against the sky-line and dazzling sands below. In silent awe he watched the mysterious country, which no living eyes but his had seen so closely, rise higher and higher above the waves.

He landed in late afternoon, in a little sunny bay, on whose sands the thin foam broke and moved and quivered, like a vibrating string stretched between a bow of beetling cliffs. Only the noise of the sea, the mewing of gulls, wheeling round the headlands, broke the silence. No footprint marked the dimpled sands.

In a cavern set far back among the cliffs, Gwent hid the coracle that had carried him so gallantly on his quest; and then, with fast-beating heart, scaled the crumbling chalk. A wide, sunny expanse of grass and yellow gorse met his eyes; but never a sign of living thing, save the myriads of birds and droning insects. In the distance rose the soft-swelling breasts of hills, and tall trees stood against the sky-line, sentries on the frontier of the forests. He struck inland towards the leafy fastnesses.

Night had fallen when he reached them. Sad, disappointed, utterly out-wearied with his arduous journey, he lay down to sleep on a little mossy bank near a brook that made tinkling music on lichen stones. Was his quest in vain? Did the spirits of his dead hover near him—seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard; or heard only in the mutter of the wind among the trees? Surely, in their own shapes, familiar, but with a radiance new and unearthly, they must dwell somewhere in this land he had travelled so far and suffered so much to reach?

It must be a great country, this to which the dead of every tribe came thronging; and Gwent's thoughts turned to all he had known, men slain in combat, mauled by beasts, drawn limp and sightless from river ooze and weed—ay, women and little children, over whose bodies the earth had been thrown, and the funeral stones flung down. His heart aching for the warm body of Asa, his ears yearning for Janedd's light breathing by his side, and the little hands that touched him in sleep, he gradually lost consciousness;

the tall trees of the unknown country guarded his slumbers.

Schooled to alertness in danger, he woke suddenly, some hours later, with the sound of distant music in his ears. He sat up and listened intently. The moon cast her soft light upon the forest, silvering the little brook, emphasising the intense blackness of foliage,



There were footprints in the sands, and the paw-marks of dogs.

throwing vague, mysterious shadows on moss and grass. Weird, dirge-like, unutterably sad, a chant that seemed fit music for the dead floated through the glades and drew nearer. Gwent heard the noise of snapping twigs, and of men breaking through the undergrowth. He held his breath, and watched a sight his dreams had never pictured.

First came a band of maidens, long-haired, blue-eyed, singing the wild chants which had power, men say, to heal the sick or raise the storm. From his lurking-place he looked in vain for Asa's face. White-robed figures followed, solemn, majestic, with flowing

hoofs. Behind followed youths bearing harps and drums which as yet were silent.

The strange procession wound its way behind the leafy screens of the forest. Gwent watched and listened, spell-bound; and then, before the music had died away, sprang to his feet and followed stealthily. Passing through groves of gigantic oaks, hoary and gnarled with age, it reached at last a rounded clearing, where a circle of tall, white stones glistened in the moonlight. On the farther side rose a huge, uncouth figure, half in dense shadow; a figure in the vague likeness of a man—the god, Gwent thought, who ruled this kingdom of the dead. . . . The chant grew louder.

Then suddenly the forest seemed alive with people. From all sides they poured, from every glade and mossy path, closing round the priests and victims, making a living wall around the circle. And Gwent, a stranger from a far land, found himself shut in with the holy maidens, the white-clad figures, the captives, the youths, the milk-white bulls, within the ring of stones.

Hundreds of glistening eyes were on him. He gripped his weapons and looked round, from side to side; silently the crowd, pouring in like water after the passage of the priests, had hemmed him in. The chanting ceased; there was a low mutter of voices. An old man, with white hair clipped closely, and snowy beard sweeping over a flowing robe as white, turned and faced him, and spoke in a tongue unknown.

Gwent stammered out his errand; but the answer he could not understand. His eyes sought the long lines of faces helplessly; he thought of all the dead who had passed those bitter waters. How could he find the two he sought? Row after row of watching faces—row after row, filling the gaps between the trees until black shadows blotted out the features—turned wondering eyes upon him; yet Asa and Janedd he could not see.

The priest beckoned gravely; some men came forward, and Gwent, thinking that at last his words had been understood, advanced to meet them. Still he grasped his weapons, but there was no defiance in his bearing, and none laid hands on him, though they eyed him with curious sidelong glances as he walked between them, like one walking in a dream. Hope and joy shone in his face, for they were bringing him at last to those he sought. Behind followed the captives, and men in white leading the milk-white bulls. The dirge-like chant sounded again, very low and sad.

They led him to the colossal figure in the shadows; a wattled door below it was flung open. He stopped, irresolute, and turned, in doubt and sudden fear. Perhaps the captives were men newly dead; and this their first homage to the god; perhaps, passing through the gate, his eyes would light on those he sought. Shut off by the gulf of an unknown tongue from his captors, he strove pitifully to solve the mystery of his surroundings. While he hesitated, the little throng of captives, shrieking, biting, resisting with all their fettered strength, poured into the wattled prison, driven by whips and goads; he was carried with them; the bulls were driven in; the door shut and fastened.

He shook himself free at last from the weight of warm, naked human flesh, and clutched the wattles, peering through the openings, his restless eyes searching the awe-struck faces of the crowd. Men fought and tore and screamed in the cage; the colossal framework shuddered as the bulls strove in vain to rend the stoutly woven wattles—their matted hides pressed against his body, his limbs were grazed by the sharp-pointed horns, as the brutes, bellowing with rage and fear, and stamping on the huddled captives, gored the twisted rushes. As Gwent looked, a torch, a little evil eye of fire in the night, drew nearer. Tongues of flame shot suddenly from brushwood piled round the base of the colossus. The chant grew loud, shrill, unearthly; harps and drums swelled the clamour, and shouts from hundreds of throats, drowning the roars of the bulls, the screams of the victims. Gwent tore at the walls madly as the flames rose higher, lapping at the sides of the cage, hissing among the wattles, filling the wide enclosure with dense green smoke. A great sheet of flame rushed up suddenly, reddening the forest and the rows of watching faces.

In the heart of the fire, the eyes that edged the circle saw a man high in the wicker framework, with wonder rather than fear or anguish written on the face that peered through a gap his clutching hands had made. Suddenly wonder was wiped out by a swift look of eager expectation, of understanding, of amazing joy.

The watchers huddled together, and forgot their clamour, eyeing those eyes that looked beyond them towards the dark forest; eyes that shone suddenly with a strange and wonderful light. . . . Even the chant was silenced.

Gwent stretched out his arms. "Asa! Janedd!" he cried, with a voice so loud that it rang in echo after echo through the forest glades. He fell back into the cage.

The glowing framework crashed down upon the victims. The flame died down as suddenly as it had risen. Soft moonlight and night shadows fell on the faces that had been reddened by the leaping fire.

THE END.



A man high in the wicker framework, with wonder rather than fear or anguish written on the face that peered through a gap.

beards, and ornaments of gold. Then came a little group of captives, dazed, terrified, strongly bound, dragged and goaded by fierce-eyed men.

Led by cords, two milk-white bulls, whose bellowing mingled strangely with the plaintive music of the chanting, trampled down the bracken with pink, splaying



A NEREID OF THE SUMMER SEAS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIMONT.

OBJECT-LESSONS IN TASTEFUL HOMES.

RECOGNITION of the principle that art is not so much a matter of elaboration as of selection, has led in these enlightened days to the realisation of the fact that the humblest home may now possess a definite artistic

which, by the way, the majority of people live) had never even been attempted. It was only on the completion of Waring and Gillow's great building in Oxford Street, with its wonderful series of model houses, that people realised how much could be done with a proper selection of suitable furniture placed in such an environment as ensured a really satisfactory result. Of course, the firm, for a few years prior to this, had been practising the principles which now found magnificent expression; but the public had not realised to the full how easily and comfortably, with the aid of expert advice, a dainty home could be got together with an

customer, no matter how little or how much he may wish to spend.

During the last three years the public has grown familiar with Waring's wonderful galleries. They have been the subject of hundreds of newspaper articles; they have been discussed in thousands of family circles, with the result that a distinct "Waring cult" has been established, which has as its main feature a quiet but insistent revolution of the ideas which for so long governed the furnishing of the English home. Waring's have not merely enunciated principles; they have practised them. They have not simply said that every house *can* be an artistic success; they have actually demonstrated it in thousands of cases. Instead of a beautiful domestic environment being the possession of the privileged few, they have made it the accepted necessity of the



JACOBEOAN PANELLED ROOM BY WARING'S.

charm of its own. This is, by the way, quite a modern idea. Only a short time ago it seemed to be the ambition of every little villa to look as much like a museum as its circumscribed area would permit. The consequence was that in thousands of moderate-sized houses money was wasted upon ornamental trivialities that were nothing more nor less than cheap and shoddy imitations of fine objects of decorative art. Curiously enough, for many years people seemed to be quite unaware how ridiculous was the drawing-room of a £40-a-year villa which tried to emulate the operose grandeur of a grand *salon*. And the small house was all the time throwing away opportunities for the display of qualities which the large mansion could never possess. The reason for this topsy-turvy condition of things arose largely from the fact that an adequate demonstration of the artistic possibilities of the medium-sized dwelling (in

artistic character which the largest houses might envy.

In designing and furnishing their series of model houses and specimen rooms, Waring's took the public by the hand, and introduced it to houses the like of which it had never seen before. Needless to say, the best experience of the firm has been used in the furnishing of these brilliant examples of applied art; but this experience and ripe judgment is also at the service of every



ELIZABETHAN DINING-ROOM BY WARING'S

many. They have shown that beautiful decoration need not be costly; and they have also demonstrated the fact, so long forgotten, that well-designed and substantial furniture may be procured at no greater cost than badly conceived and structurally defective furniture.



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IN "MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS."

Mr. Carton's new farce, "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," which is being played at the Criterion, provides Mr. Weedon Grossmith with an excellent Weedon Grossmith part and many audiences with opportunity to laugh again with, and at, one of the best comedians of the stage of to-day.

A MECHANICAL PAGEANT: THE TOWN HALL CLOCK IN MUNICH.



1. THE TRUMPETERS.
2. THE CROWING COCK.
3. THE JESTERS.
4. ONE OF THE KNIGHTS IN THE TOURNEY.

5. THE CLOCK IN POSITION.
6. THE OTHER KNIGHT IN THE TOURNEY.
7. TRUMPETERS.
8. HERALDS.

9. TWO TURN-TABLES WITH HERALDS, TRUMPETERS, JESTERS, AND KNIGHT.
10. A CHILD AND ITS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

11. THE KNIGHTS IN FULL CAREER ON PLATFORMS REVOLVING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

The famous clock of Strasburg has found a rival in the restoration of the mechanical clock on the new tower of Munich Town Hall. At noon two knights appear and tilt at each other, one of them being unhorsed. There are processions of trumpeters and heralds, and a night-watchman with fire-extinguishing apparatus. On the top of the clock is a cock which crows. The figures are set on revolving platforms, and the knights run on two concentric platforms which move in opposite directions.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY REHSE.]

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LADIES' PAGE.

ASCOT proved as gay and bright in colouring as the dressmakers' preparations prophesied. The refined, æsthetic tones are out of favour this year, and the stands and paddock were as brilliantly tinted as are garden-beds full of tulips. The Queen has ensured the acceptance by fashion of a large scarf by wearing one herself; with her hyacinth-blue gown of satin charmeuse, her Majesty wore a wide and long scarf built of rows of gathered heliotrope chiffon, interspersed with bands of ostrich feathers. The Queen is patronising larger hats this season than her time-honoured fashion of a close toque, to which she has adhered so long that it is known as "The Royal" shape to milliners. Another change that she has made in her habits is putting on much more jewellery by day than was once her wont. At how many great functions of past seasons have I seen this lovely lady having as ornaments only a tiny brooch and one or two pale yellow gloire or spotless white Niphetos roses at her throat. This Ascot she wore several handsome brooches fixing the chiffon and lace trimmings of her gown, and a necklace of big pearls, from which hung a large diamond pendant. Two other ladies at least who were in the royal party would attract admiration everywhere, even lacking the aid of handsome gowning, although, as Tennyson says—

Let never woman think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

Princess Patricia of Connaught was one of these: tall and stately, with sweet manners and soft, darkly fringed, grey, "real Irish" eyes, the young Princess looked charming in a rather bright green voile dress and a flower-covered hat. The Princess of Pless was also a delight to the vision in a splendid toilette of cream-toned chiffon laid upon pale olden satin, over which she wore a full-length transparent coat of white net so richly embroidered with gold filoselle as to give the impression at a little distance of the whole being a metallic woven tissue.

Very popular for the smartest of smart gowns was the softly falling satin of the hour, which clings to and outlines the figure in the present approved mode. The fashion of the day is most favourable to tall, slender women. Many of the younger ladies in the stands looked six feet high in the gowns that obliterate the hips and give a long, straight line, like the figure of a boy, to the "female form divine." When the soft satin charmeuse or gracieuse, with surface like that of suede leather and draping softness like that of crêpe, was not employed alone, and embroidered upon directly, it was often used as a foundation for an over-dress of silk muslin, gauze, or chiffon, which carried embroidery in profusion, sometimes worked all in heavy floss silk, sometimes intermingled with bullion threads. The Marchioness of Londonderry had a lovely gown of grey silk muslin, embroidered heavily on the corsage with grey filoselle touched with gold, and her hat was trimmed with grey and gold feathers. Georgiana Countess of Dudley had a successful gown of light tabac brown chiffon, and a hat to match, both trimmed with silver, a cluster of yellow carnations tucked in the bodice giving a further touch of good colour. On every



THE FASHIONABLE SHANTUNG.

Shantung, the most fashionable of fabrics, as a Princess gown for the promenade. The trimming is a darker shade of the same material, with buttons of the Shantung decorated with embroidery. Chip hat lined with dark shade and having rosette of lighter tint.

hand were light and even brilliant colours, rose-pink and cherry-red, watercress-green and réséda, blues of every tone, a most fashionable colour this year, delicate greys and browns, flowered muslins in large patterns and bright tints, satin foulards with striking designs on white grounds, shantung in their peculiar deep dyes—and amidst all this prevailing brightness, even gaudiness, the completely black costume of a beautiful Spanish lady stood out effectively enough as a contrast.

Mme. Nordica, looking so young, gracious, and svelte of figure, and singing with all her old fire and sweetness, wore a beautiful white satin Princess gown at her (alas the word!) farewell concert. The corsage was draped with lace, and round the décolletage was carried an emerald rivière, the same fine stones being worn as earrings and bangles; while encircling the sleeves, just above the elbows, were wide bands of diamonds, and many rows of pearls covered the bosom. I remember this charming prima-donna once telling me that she loves precious stones, and could always revive her spirits, if necessary, by the aid of her own flashing gems. Another lady I know recently told me that when she is miserable and dull she gets her diamond brooches and necklaces and pins a row of them along the mantel-border, and sits on the Chesterfield before them reading—when frequent glances at the glittering stones and the book together surely revive her spirits. Another friend, an old beauty, once confided to me that nothing in life now holds much interest for her, but that her jewel-case is still a dear delight. Others of us are more of the mind of Queen Charlotte, who told Fanny Burney "how well she had liked her jewels and ornaments as Queen for a week—or a fortnight at most; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them were such, that in a fortnight's time she wished she need never see them more." But Queen Charlotte was a very plain person!

Before summer has this year well begun, the inexorable calendar brings the date round—the last Monday in June—on which Messrs. Peter Robinson ruthlessly reduce the prices of all their season's stock, with fixed intent to clear it out during the month of July, so as to have room for the incoming goods of autumn. Owing to the lateness of summer this year, the opportunity will be exceptionally good for the purchaser, and we can trot happily to Peter Robinson's and replenish our wardrobes in every department with goods of the best class, in perfect condition, at greatly reduced cost. The Oxford Circus house, be it noted, though belonging to the same firm, is quite distinct from the establishment at 252-264, Regent Street, and each house has its own special bargains to offer. Separate catalogues are issued, and will be sent, post free, on application; but a personal visit is most interesting.

Messrs. Walpole are beginning their half-yearly sale—at which so many house-proud ladies replenish the linen-chest—on Monday, June 28, at their central premises, 89-90, New Bond Street; while the bargains were already placed on the counters on Monday last at their premises at 108, High Street, Kensington; 6, Onslow Place, South Kensington; and 182, Sloane Street. Catalogues can be had by post, or there is time for a visit, as the sale continues through July.—FILOMENA.

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ORIGINAL AERTEX CELLULAR,
ORIGINAL WEAVE, ORIGINAL QUALITY OF YARNS,
ORIGINAL HIGH STANDARD OF MANUFACTURE
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Read the following UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL recently received on the merits of AERTEX:—

Oxford, June, 1908.
"For some years I have worn AERTEX and I cannot speak too highly of the way in which it has worn. It is quite refreshing to be able to honestly praise anything so much, in these days when manufactured goods seem to have degenerated so."

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BELFAST.—Anderson & McAuley, Ltd., Donegal Pl.
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CELLULAR SHIRT,
from 3/6 upwards.

THIS LABEL ON



ALL GARMENTS.

IRELAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN:
THE NEW HEYSHAM ROUTE.

HALF the woes of Ireland, and our own troubles in connection with the government of that distressful country, may be said to have arisen from ignorance, and from the want of communication and intercourse between the two peoples. William Watson speaks of Ireland, with truth, as the bride "whom we have wedded, but have never won." To the average home-keeping Britisher, Ireland has been as much a *terra incognita* as Canada or India or Australia. The idea of spending holidays in Ireland would have seemed strange to the general public twenty or thirty years ago. But times are changing, and perhaps it may be found that the Irish problem will be solved by the opening up of the country for purposes of recreation, until it becomes one of our playgrounds nearer home than Switzerland, and in its way equally enchanting. Thus will come

No influence has been so effective towards this desirable end as the enterprise of the Midland Railway Company, which has now established its new service of steamers across the Irish Sea from its splendid new harbour at Heysham, in Morecambe Bay. In 1903 the company purchased the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, one of the finest lines in Ireland, and this amalgamation has enabled the Midland to run through-services from all parts of their system in England and Scotland, connecting, by their own boats across the Irish ferry, with the numerous and delightful places for holiday-making in the northern counties of Ireland,

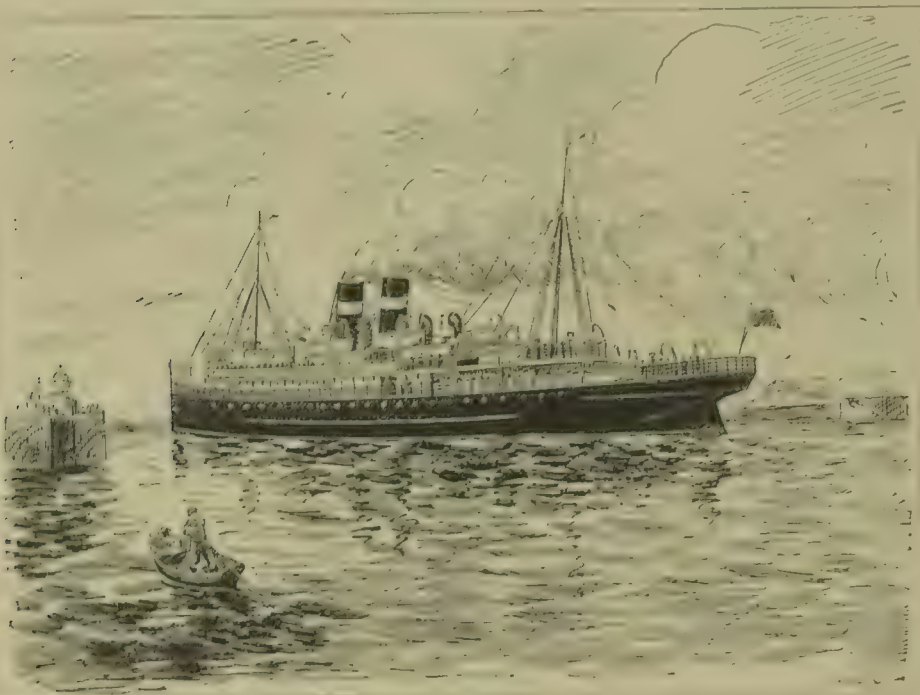
especially the glorious coasts of Antrim, Londonderry

and Donegal. The line which the Midland has taken over starts from Belfast, and runs, among other places, to Antrim, Larne, Carrickfergus, Ballymena, Coleraine, Portrush, Londonderry, Donegal, and Glenties. It takes the fisherman or the devotee of boating to excellent places for sport along the coast, or on Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles. The Antrim coast road, too, is one of the finest cycle routes in the kingdom. For the general holiday-maker, an ideal centre, out of several that might be named, is Portrush, being within

easy reach, as it is, of so many points of interest, including the Giant's Causeway and the famous ruins of Dunluce Castle. But there is no space here to

enumerate all the attractions of this "Northern Riviera." All that can be said to those unacquainted with it is—go and see!

The beauties of the Isle of Man are, perhaps, more familiar to the British tourist, and many will rejoice that the construction of Heysham Harbour has opened up a new and extremely convenient route to that popular resort. The Midland fleet consists of four large steamers, specially built by the company for their Irish Channel services. The *Manxman* and the *Londonderry* are turbine steamers, while the *Antrim* and the *Donegal* are of the twin-screw type. As its name implies, the *Manxman* is the boat which conveys visitors between Heysham and Douglas. These fine, new boats are particularly fast, and are fitted up with all the most modern and comfortable accommodation. The *Manxman*, which was built by Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim, may be taken as a typical example of the Midland service. She has a speed of twenty-three knots, which is said to be faster than that previously attained by any other turbine merchant-ship. She has three complete decks, with saloons, lounges, and smoking-rooms, and there is as much room for third-class passengers as is commonly allotted to the second class on vessels of this kind. It is a great boon to have the Isle of Man thus rendered more accessible.



THE NEW HEYSHAM ROUTES TO IRELAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN: THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY'S TURBINE STEAMER, "MANXMAN."

friendship and knowledge, and a better understanding between the said "bride" and her bridegroom, as it were in a new honeymoon.

A MAJESTIC RUIN ON THE IRISH COAST, ACCESSIBLE BY THE NEW HEYSHAM ROUTE: DUNLUCE CASTLE, NEAR PORTRUSH.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY'S HARBOUR — AT — HEYSHAM NEAR MORECAMBE

is the Popular Starting Point of Steamers for the Isle of Man and Belfast.

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

Sailings Every Week-Day

By the Turbine s.s. "**MANXMAN**,"
23 Knots. Accommodation for 1,600.

Auxiliary Sailings during the Height of the Season.

Trains arrive and Depart Alongside the Steamers at Heysham.

Luggage Transferred Free.

Tourist, Week-end, Circular Tour, and Steamer Season Tickets.

BELFAST AND NORTH OF IRELAND.

The **NORTH OF IRELAND** is recommended as an ideal Tourist and Health Resort.

Bracing Atlantic Air on the Coasts of Antrim, Derry, and Donegal, "The Dry Part of Ireland."

Magnificent Scenery—Rivers and Glens, Mountains and Cliffs, Lough and Sea Coast.

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Midland Turbine and Twin-Screw Steamers Sail Every Week-Day.

Send Postcard to any Midland Stationmaster or District Superintendent, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Derby, and information, guides, etc., will be forwarded per return.

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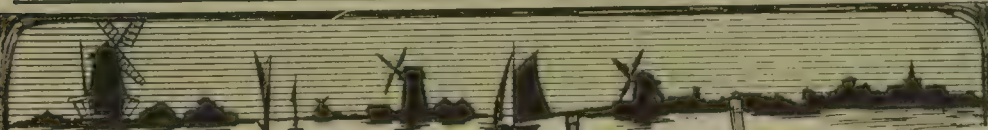
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What's the Time?
The Time for a Glass of

WOLFE'S Schnapps

The Beverage that Benefits.

WHEN you drink WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS you are consuming the purest spirit you can possibly obtain—something which will not only refresh you, but will also cleanse the blood and system of those impurities which give rise to irregularities in certain organs of the body, and are productive of gout and rheumatism.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS not only combines happily with Soda and other aerated waters, but is admirable as a Pick-me-up, Tonic, or Digestive.

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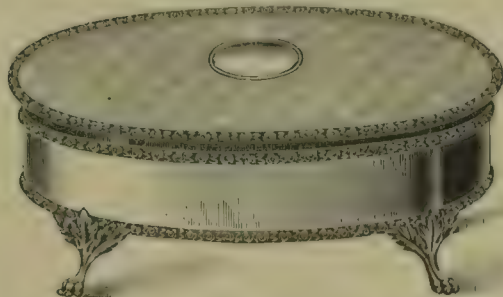
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Sterling Silver Mounted Clear Glass
Sealing-Wax Set, £2 2 0



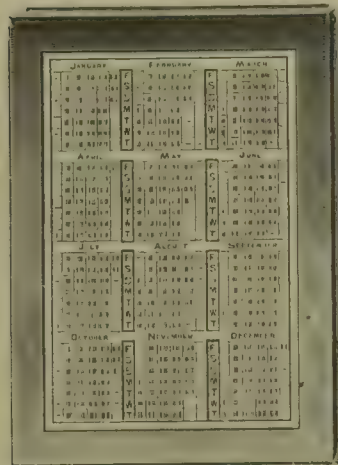
Inlaid Tortoiseshell and Silver Trinket Box,
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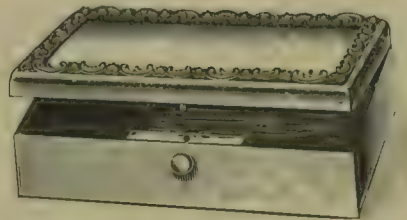
Oval Sterling Silver Trinket Box, gilt inside, with feet,
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Size, 4½ by 2½ inches, £3 10 0



Pretty pierced Sterling Silver Wool
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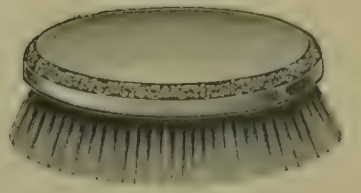
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Beautifully Engraved and Cut Glass
Scent Bottle, with inlaid Tortoiseshell and
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Extra Large Sterling Silver-mounted Powder Boxes,
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Diameter, 6 in.,	£2 10 0
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NORTH WALES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THERE are still many people who do not realise the extraordinary facility with which, owing chiefly to the enterprise of the great railway companies, visits can now be paid to the delightful districts in the remoter parts of the country. Year after year, when holiday time comes round, such people go to the same seaside place to which they have grown accustomed. They get into a groove, and they lack the adventurous spirit which should lead them to explore the lovely scenery of their own land, which is now so easily accessible.

this northern corner of Wales, which stretches from the Isle of Anglesey eastward to Chester, and from Conway and Bangor southward to Barmouth and Dolgelly. Within its borders are contained the majestic mountain scenery of Snowdon and its surrounding hills, rocky and heather-clad moorlands, leafy glens, and streams and waterfalls; a grand line of cliffs and headlands round the coast, and delightful sandy and rock-strewn beaches, where children can build castles and play to their hearts' content. For grown-up tastes there are abundant means of sport and recreation—such as golf, boating, bathing, fishing, cycling, and walking. For the

Pwllheli, Rhyl, Llandudno, and Penmaenmawr. The last-named means in English "The Great Stone Head," and is delightfully situated by the hill, 1500 feet in height, which forms the seaward termination of the Snowdon range. Not far away, and close to the Great Orme's Head, are the pleasant seaside village of Llanfairfechan, and the lovely Aber Valley and Waterfall. The stream at Aber is spanned by a picturesque old stone bridge, as shown in our illustration. One of the best centres for excursions, as well as an interesting place in itself, is the ancient city of Bangor, where the new Garth Pier has recently



BESIDE "THE GREAT STONE HEAD": ON THE SEA FRONT AT PENMAENMAWR.



A BEAUTY-SPOT IN NORTH WALES: THE BRIDGE AT ABER.

Undoubtedly North Wales is one of the most beautiful parts of the country in which to spend a summer holiday, and from its central position, and the excellent service of the London and North-Western Railway, very easily reached from all the great crowded cities, to whose inhabitants its attractions most appeal. There is no portion of Great Britain which, in an equal area, comprises such a rich variety of all the various aspects of nature, and of the means of recreation afforded by sports and games and places of historic interest, as does

antiquary, the geologist, or the botanist—indeed, for the student of any branch of natural history—the country has innumerable attractions. It is especially rich in old castles of historic interest, including Carnarvon (where the first Prince of Wales was born), Conway, Harlech, Ruthin, Denbigh, and Beaumaris. There is a very wide choice of places to stay at, both on the coast or inland, and ranging from the popular watering-place to the quiet, old-world village. The larger towns include Bangor, Carnarvon, Colwyn Bay,

been constructed at a cost of £17,000. All this ideal holiday region is brought within comfortable reach of tourists from any part of the country by the up-to-date arrangements of the London and North-Western, whose non-stop expresses do the journey from Euston in only four hours. A beautifully illustrated Guide to North Wales, giving road and rail maps, a descriptive account of the district, and full particulars as to travelling, accommodation, and amusements, is issued by the company free to intending visitors.

L. & N. W. R^{LY.}

EUSTON TO NORTH WALES WITHOUT A STOP

A Peerless Holiday Ground Calls to You.

CHARMING SCENES.

SANDS
MOUNTAINS
CLIFFS.

Nine Southerners out of
Ten do not know

NORTH WALES

MOORS
WATERFALLS
STREAMS
CASTLES.



IN BEAUTIFUL BANGOR: THE NEW PIER.

MANY AMUSEMENTS.

GOLF
BOATING
BATHING.

Ten people out of each
Ten should know

NORTH WALES

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FISHING
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For your Summer Holiday go to the Land of Golden Sands and Mossy Turf.

SEEK PLEASURE IN HEALTH-GIVING AND BEAUTIFUL

NORTH WALES.

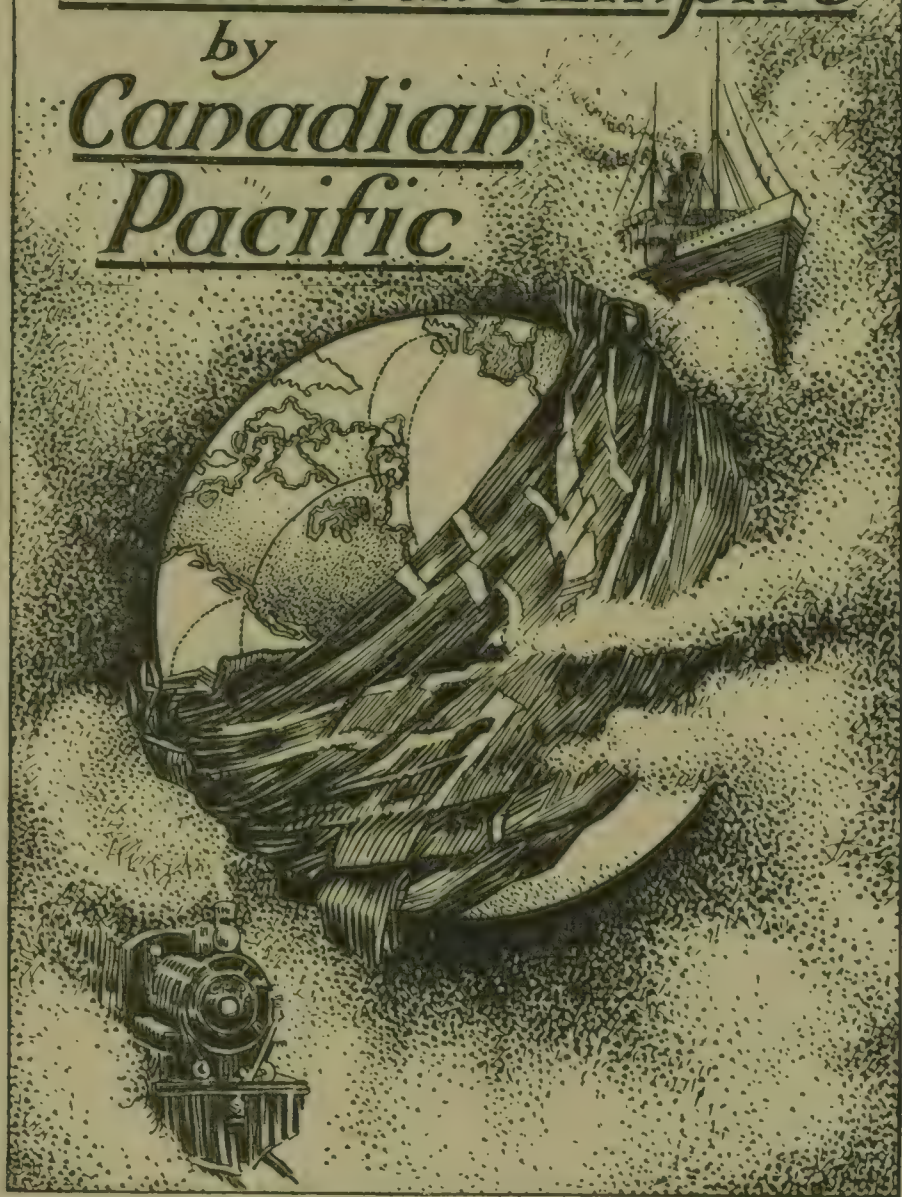
FOUR HOURS FROM LONDON by the LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

A 200-PAGE GUIDE TO NORTH WALES FREE TO ALL.—Ask for it at any L. & N. W. R. Station or Town Office. A copy will be sent post free on application to Mr. L. A. P. WARNER, District Supt., Chester; or to Mr. R. TURNBULL, Superintendent of the Line, Euston, N.W. With this Guide you will be better able to plan your Summer Holiday. FRANK REE, General Manager.

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Canadian Pacific



A GUIDE FOR EMPIRE TOURS.

WITH its direct service, Trans-Atlantic, Trans-Canada, and Trans-Pacific, from Liverpool to Hong Kong, the Canadian Pacific has become the highway for those making tours of the British Empire. At Vancouver the Canadian Pacific Railway connects with the Canadian-Australian Mail Service to Australia and New Zealand, forming the most picturesque route to the Antipodes. As a guide to those who contemplate making extended tours through the Empire the Canadian Pacific has compiled a pamphlet, describing routes and fares not only to Canada, but also to Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlement, and every part of Africa. Copies of this Guide, together with other illustrated pamphlets, will gladly be sent post free to any applicant.

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"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa."

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"Here's to my
Jolly Good Health,



MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

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None Better
than the Best.

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IN RECENT OFFICIAL
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of Domestic Fires carried
out in the new Govern-
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Consumption of Fuel and produc-
tion of smoke each one quarter
less than the average of 36 com-
peting grates.

Gives Universal and
Complete Satisfaction.

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIRS,—The "Devon" Fires
supplied by you under my directions for
various buildings have proved very satis-
factory. I understand that no difficulty
is experienced in lighting them, and they
burn well for as long as seven hours
without attention. The economy in coal
consumption is considerable, and this,
combined with its simple construction
and cleanliness, makes the "Devon,"
in my opinion, an ideal type of fire.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) SYDNEY J. TATCHEL,
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13, Queen Anne's Gate,
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CANDY & Co., Ltd.,
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HEATHFIELD STATION,
NEWTON ABBOT, Devon.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

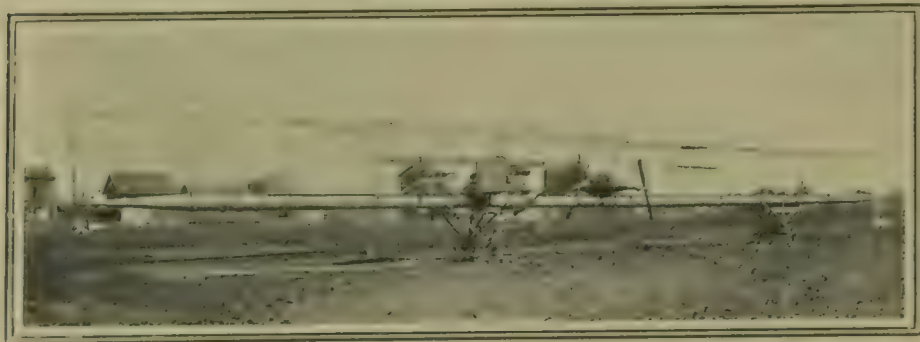
It has long been a matter of regret with many of the older members of the Royal Automobile Club that that body has been so supinely content to relinquish all its own old sporting events. This section of the membership will therefore receive with pleasure the announcement that arrangements have been made with the Midland Automobile Club to carry out that time-

season and out of season, the motorist will be quite content with the roads as they are. He has absolutely no interest in seeing them improved in such a way as would only tempt him to a speed for which he would be promptly punished with the utmost rigour of the law.

Notwithstanding the opposition of a certain section of the trade, it would appear that that body have most properly resolved to carry out tests of headlights for motor-cars and motor-cycles. After inquiry into the various causes which contribute to the unpopularity of motor-cars with a certain section of the public, among others contributing thereto is most undoubtedly the use of dazzling headlights carried on some self-propelled vehicles.

The club is of opinion that this effect can be greatly minimised by the adoption of certain patterns of lamp, which, while affording the driver ample illumination of the road before him, have the cone of light projected from their lenses so arranged or controlled that other road-users approaching are not dazzled thereby.

It is well known that many motor-car lamp manufacturers, particularly the well-known and long-established house of Messrs. Bleriot, of Paris, and 53, Long Acre, W.C., have for some time past devoted special attention to the matter, and that certain lamps performing quite satisfactorily in this respect have already been produced. While it is obvious that the most effective manner of reducing the necessity for bright headlights would be the universal use of back and front lamps on all vehicles, it is nevertheless desirable that such tests as those referred to above should be held, in order that progress may be made.

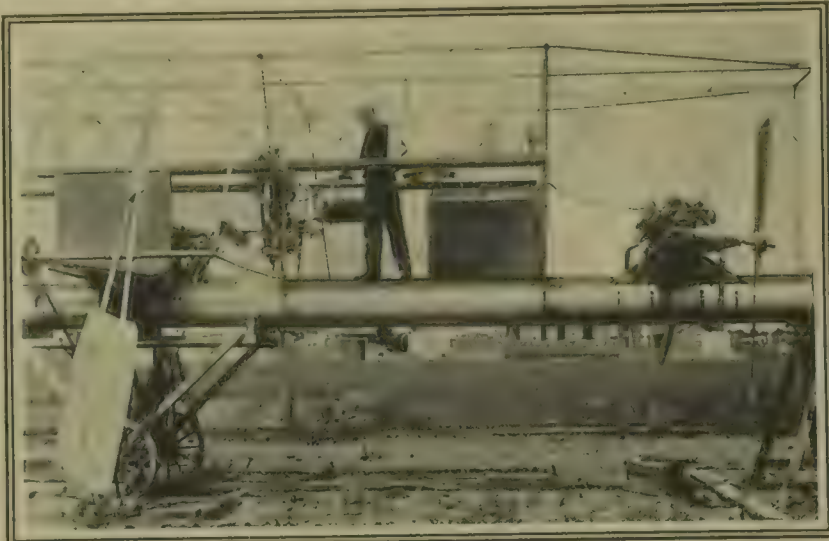


BY AIR-SHIP TO THE NORTH POLE: MR. WELLMAN'S DIRIGIBLE, SHOWING THE LONG PETROL-TANK ON THE FRAMEWORK (X—X).

The Wellman North Polar expedition was due to reach Tromsø yesterday (Friday). The balloon in which the attempt to reach the North Pole will be made carries 1200 gallons of petrol in a tank which forms part of the deck of the car. The dirigible itself is 185 feet long; the steel car is 110 feet long.

honoured event, the Henry Edmunds Hill Climb at Shelsley Walsh on Saturday, July 17, the day and place fixed for the annual hill-climb of the Midland Automobile Club. Although the conditions for this year's event have yet to be published, I learn on good authority that the engines of the competing cars will not exceed 21-h.p. per R.A.C. rating. In this case it would appear to afford a fine opportunity for such cars as the 15-h.p. Napier, which, for one, rejoices in a comparatively long stroke. It is this feature which tells in hill-climbing. The donor of the cup is a founder-member of the Club, was very prominent in pioneer work, and used to drive a fine old Daimler, named, I think, Anthora.

The R.A.C. will ask for the co-operation of all the other automobile bodies, none excluded, in representing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the serious setback to the industry that must result from so heavy an impost as the threepence per gallon tax on petrol. Mr. Lloyd-George is, doubtless, of the opinion that motorists, as a body, are inclined to welcome the tax so long as the proceeds thereof are devoted to the improvement of the roads. As a matter of fact, this content has been assumed for them by certain members of Parliament, and is far from being the view of automobilists in the concrete. So long as the speed limit anywhere and everywhere is kept at twenty miles per hour, and the authorities show every sign of enforcing it in



FOOD FOR THE NORTH POLE DIRIGIBLE: PART OF THE PETROL-TANK OF THE WELLMAN BALLOON, "THE AMERICA," SHOWING ITS SIZE COMPARED WITH THAT OF A MAN.

81,883 MILES ON CONTINENTAL NON-SKIDS.

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" " 558,819	" 4,937	" " 558,980	" 5,624
" " 577,736	" 4,374	" " 565,138	" 4,454
" " 537,627	" 6,971	" " 551,247	" 4,219
" " 529,449	" 4,886	" " 503,183	" 4,056
" " 561,282	" 5,450	" " 530,289	" 5,720
" " 562,184	" 5,288	" " 501,481	" 5,387
		81,883	

Total 16 covers, 81,883 miles; average per cover, 5,118 miles.

These cars are sent to all parts of the United Kingdom and Europe, and cover some of the worst roads in existence.

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(VOITURETTES).

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ALL RUBBER. ALL BRITISH.

AVERAGE SPEED: 40 miles per hour for 280 miles.

Highest honours were also scored at the recent Antwerp and St. Petersburg Exhibitions. Kempshall Tyres being awarded GOLD MEDAL at each Exhibition.

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DETACHABLE RIM.

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Telephone—No. 241 Gerrard (two lines). Telegrams—"Studless, London."
Agents for the United States:—Messrs. CRYDER & Co.,
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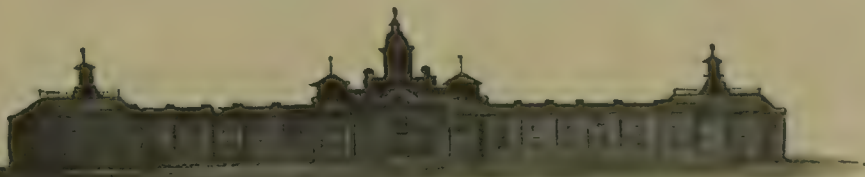
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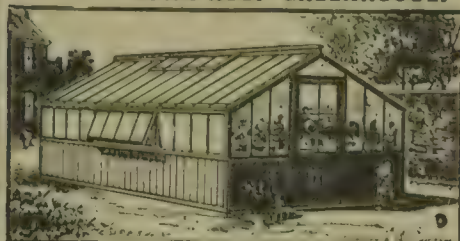
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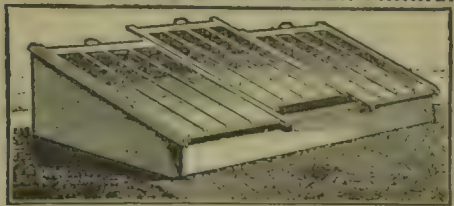
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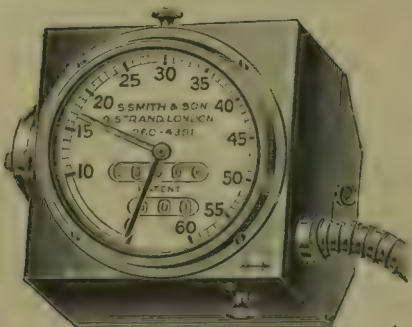
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ART NOTES.

MEREDITH'S vigilance in escaping the personal interviewer was matched by his care in escaping the portrait-painter. Until old age trapped him, and put him very much at the mercy of his visitors, he had been equally successful in escaping the haphazard photographer, the same profile doing duty in most of the publications in which, after much persuasion, he allowed himself to appear. Even now we hardly know the look of the young Meredith, his friends having respected his dislike of nose-and-chin publicity. But there exists, happily, at least one early unpublished picture, showing the man as he was at the time when Swinburne shook out his auburn hair for the benefit of Rossetti, and the three lived together at 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

We now know how much to regret that Meredith was Rossetti's tenant without ever being his model. It is with sorrow that we have relinquished the idea that the face of our Lord in the Pre-Raphaelite's "Mary Magdalen at the Door of Simon the Pharisee" was in some way a likeness of the poet and novelist. It had been stated that he sat for this picture, and, when that was denied, that the painter had incorporated his memory of his friend in the haloed profile at the window. Even that statement seems to be incorrect, for the first drawings of this same profile were made before they had met.

It was in Cheyne Walk that Whistler and Meredith came together; there, again, was an opportunity lost. And "Ned" Jones, who was in the mood for making light likenesses of his companions, never drew Meredith, even in caricature. There is said to be a portrait drawing by his particular friend, Frederick Sandys, but it has remained as securely hidden from sight as the etching made by Mr. Strang for the King on the occasion of the bestowal on the author of the Order of Merit. The royal portfolios showed no such reluctance to divulge their contents at the time when the Windsor Castle collection of Whistler prints was disposed of. Whistler had further opportunities of making some memorial of Meredith, for he was the author's guest in the country. But no memorial was made. One wonders whether Meredith's continuous raillery of his friends may not have had a very discouraging effect

upon enterprises of the brush and pencil. "Max," it is true, with the courage of a younger generation, made two caricatures, but we must remember that they were aimed from a safe distance.

Mr. Holman Hunt describes the Meredith he knew in the 'sixties as "singularly handsome in his person, of nut-brown hair and blue eyes, the perfect type of a well-bred Englishman." The Pre-Raphaelites, perhaps, did not always seek "the perfect type, etc.," for their models, and features of a too regular cast may well be missed from their canvases. On the other hand, the earliest photographs do not give to Meredith the marked handsomeness of his later years. Of the later portraits, Watts's is the most important, and, perhaps, the least satisfactory. Another, commissioned by an admirer and fellow-novelist, and painted by a lady, is considered by some people to be a worthy likeness. And have we not Mr. Sargent's drawings, one of which is used as the frontispiece to the collected edition of his sitter's works? And has not Mr. Langton Coburn, the American, given us two admirable substitutes for the photographs which Mrs. Cameron, with a painter's lack of foresight, failed to take? E. M.



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"Fin Macoul, the Irish Giant, and the Causeway which He Built," is the title of an illustrated brochure issued by the Midland Railway Company, containing the legend of the Giant's Causeway and advice how to visit it in comfort. The brochure includes illustrations of the principal aspects of the Causeway, which are of interest to visitors, such as the Giant's Gate, the Wishing Chair, Lady's Fan, Lord Antrim's Parlour, Giant's Organ, Amphitheatre, etc., and some valuable information as to how to enjoy a week or a fortnight's holiday on the coasts of Antrim, Derry, and Donegal, "The Dry Part of Ireland." The brochure may be obtained gratis on application to the Midland Railway Company.

From the ninety-first annual report of the Incorporated Church Building Society, which has been recently issued, it is seen that the society has well maintained the standard of its efficiency. During the year it made thirty grants (amounting in all to £3385) towards new churches, five (amounting to £570) towards rebuilding schemes, forty-nine (amounting to £1980) towards enlargements, and twenty-three (amounting to £630) towards missions. Since its formation in 1818 it has made a total number of 9160 grants, amounting to £926,851. The offices of the society, which is under the patronage of his Majesty the King and the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, are at 7, Dean's Yard, Westminster. The secretary is Mr. Joseph Monday.

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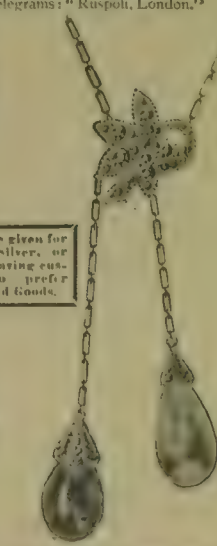
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ALTHOUGH nearly ten years have passed since the story of "Louise" was first unfolded before the Paris public, Charpentier's opera continues to strike a purely modern note. The story sets out the main outlines of a passionate drama of modern love and modern life under conditions well-nigh peculiar to the French capital; the music fills in the picture. Take away the drama, and the music would lose much of its value; take away the music, and the drama could no longer maintain its curious hold upon the emotions.

Charpentier has embellished a strikingly human story, but there is little in the score that can be detached and carried away; every phrase has its special relation to the emotion expressed on the stage. The Wagner ideal is realised, though the *leit-motif* is, perhaps, more on the lips of the leading characters than in the music; but music-mounting and story are combined in well-thought-out proportions to a certain end, and that end the presentation of an aspect of life that is as true to-day as when it was written, that has substituted real for sham emotions, and used music to express them instead of keeping it to illustrate mere vocal agility, after the fashion of the early Verdi, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and the rest of the perpetrators of outrage upon life and art whom one names with regret.

"Louise" is terribly sincere, frank as the city wherein its story is set, and full of human passion, as the Latin races will remain until their day has run its course. Of its future in England it would be idle to predicate, for the comparative failure of "Pelléas et Mélisande," withdrawn for this season after three performances, strikes prophecy dumb. But it is undeniably one of the strongest music-dramas of modern times, and one of the most convincing, and it has been mounted and produced at Covent Garden with a thoroughness and attention to detail that must be flattering alike to M. Charpentier and his many admirers all Europe over.



PRIMA-DONNA AT SIXTEEN: DORA THEOR.

Dora Theor is the prima-donna of the "City of Rome" Children's Opera Company, which opened a season at Terry's Theatre on Monday last with a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor."



Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.
THE GREEK ACTRESS WHO
IS AT THE ALDWYCH:
MLLE. NÉRIGNE.

Who is appearing in "The Spirit of Poetry" and "On Jhelum River."

relation to mere stage conventions. That fine artist M. Dalmorès distinguishes himself in the part of the lover; but perhaps the greatest success was scored by M. Gilibert as the father of Louise. In the last scene of the opera, when he endeavours to keep his daughter from her lover while all Paris is calling her, M. Gilibert reaches a height that even he has seldom scaled. Curiously enough, one has a feeling throughout the performance of "Louise" that the Symbolist movement, now playing so large a part in French art, music, and literature, is responsible for much that is expressed on the stage and in the orchestra.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

M. GUITRY IN "L'ASSOMMOIR," AT THE ADELPHI.

WITH Coquelin dead, M. Guity may be considered to stand at the head of his profession in France, and as this suave, polished, and resourceful "comedian" is in many ways one of the most English of French actors, his visit to London ought to be popular with our public. He has begun his programme, too, with a piece which is very familiar to English audiences, if only because, under the title of "Drink," it was associated for years with the name and fame of Charles Warner. Probably, with a prejudice that is not unnatural, and even has its justifications, our playgoers will prefer Mr. Warner's to M. Guity's handling of the part of Coupeau; and of the play, or rather series of dramatic tableaux, in which this hapless man—so good at heart, so weak in head—is the central figure. Charles Warner rendered all Coupeau's scenes—those exhibiting his devotion to his child and wife, as well as those in which he succumbs to the insidious attractions of alcohol the comforter—with an emotional breadth of style which was irresistible in the playhouse. M. Guity, while realising far better than his English rival the more strictly Gallic characteristics of Zola's hero, while bringing out the stolid and rather lazily good-natured side of the typical *ouvrier*, plays the earlier episodes with a great deal of restraint, seems, as it were, to hold himself in reserve for the big scenes of temptation and madness which form the culmination of the story. And his companions, excellent actors all, take their cue from him, with the result that the famous quarrel of the laundresses goes for nothing at the Adelphi. Still, in the scene with the child, M. Guity acts with an exquisite tenderness, and no one could complain of any lack of power in his treatment of the manifestations of delirium; here melodramatic intensity rises to the heights of tragedy. There is something sublime, something fateful in this Coupeau's surrender to his obsession. M. Guity's climax is worth waiting for.



Photo. Berger.
M. LUCIEN GUITRY'S LEADING LADY AT THE
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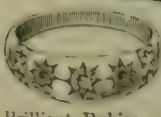
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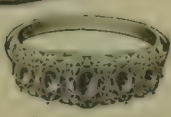
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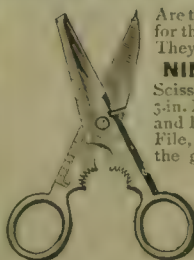
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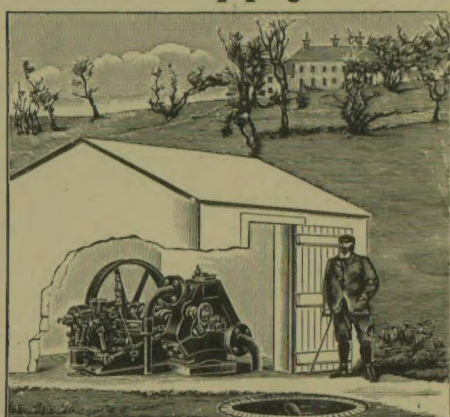
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A HISTORIC CHOCOLATE-BOX: SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO SHEPTON MALLET.

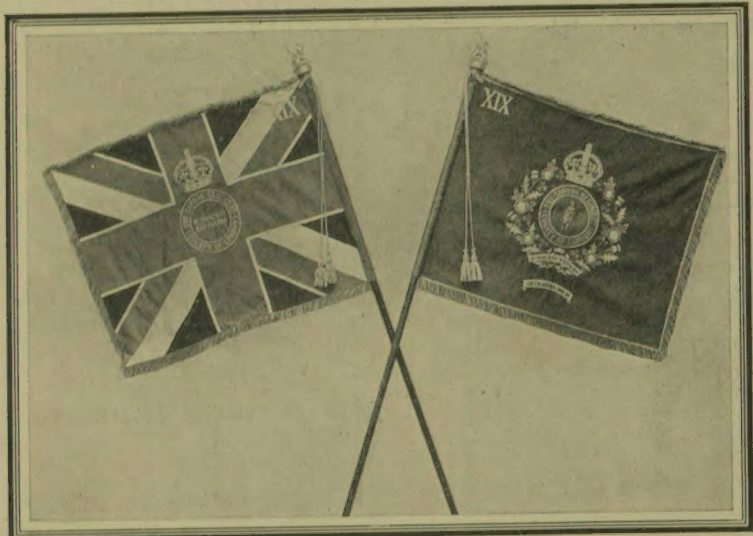
As a souvenir of the visit of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to Shepton Mallet on Wednesday, the Urban District Council of that town presented the school children of the district with special boxes of chocolate. The above illustration represents the tastefully coloured design on the lid. The boxes and their contents were supplied by Messrs. J. S. Fry and Co., makers to the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Lord Mayor will preside on Tuesday next (June 29) over a Mansion House meeting in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The speakers will include the Bishop of Calgary, Earl Beauchamp, and Professor Honda, from Japan. The Bishop of Calgary has had an almost unique experience of West Canada. He has worked there, first as priest, and then as Bishop, for forty-one years. His diocese is as large as the kingdom of Italy.

Last week's jubilee meetings of the English Church Union were in every way successful. Sir John Riddell presented to Lord Halifax, on behalf of 1400 subscribers, a replica of his portrait by Mr. Logsdail, which appeared in the Academy last year. This picture will be hung in the council-room of the E.C.U. at its house in Russell Square. A beautiful eighteenth-century chalice and paten, with a set of vestments and a cope for use in Lord Halifax's private chapel at Hickleton, are included among the more personal gifts.

The C.M.S. Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall has proved a great success. On Tuesday of last week the Bishop of London visited it, and gave an inspiring address on "The Lessons of the Past and their Bearing on the Future."—V.



NEW COLOURS FOR THE ST. PANCRAS BATTALION OF THE LONDON TERRITORIALS: THE GIFT OF SIR HORACE REGNART.

These new colours for the 19th (St. Pancras) Battalion of the London Territorials were the gift of Sir Horace Regnart. They were presented to the regiment by his Majesty the King at Windsor on Saturday last. On one of the flags, it will be noticed, is the honourable legend, "South Africa, 1900-02."

The case, of course, is built up very neatly against the evils of lax divorce laws, and much is made of the point that while Daphne was free in her own country, Roger remained legally bound in his. It is all very reprehensible, but the moral would have been driven home more forcibly if the couple had not been ill-assorted from the first.

Many Londoners will doubtless be attracted to North Wales for their holidays by the splendid through service now provided by the London and North Western Railway. From July 1 next an express train will leave Euston at 11.15 a.m. and not call anywhere until it reaches Rhyl—209 miles away. The time occupied is 237 minutes, the average speed being thus fifty-three miles an hour.



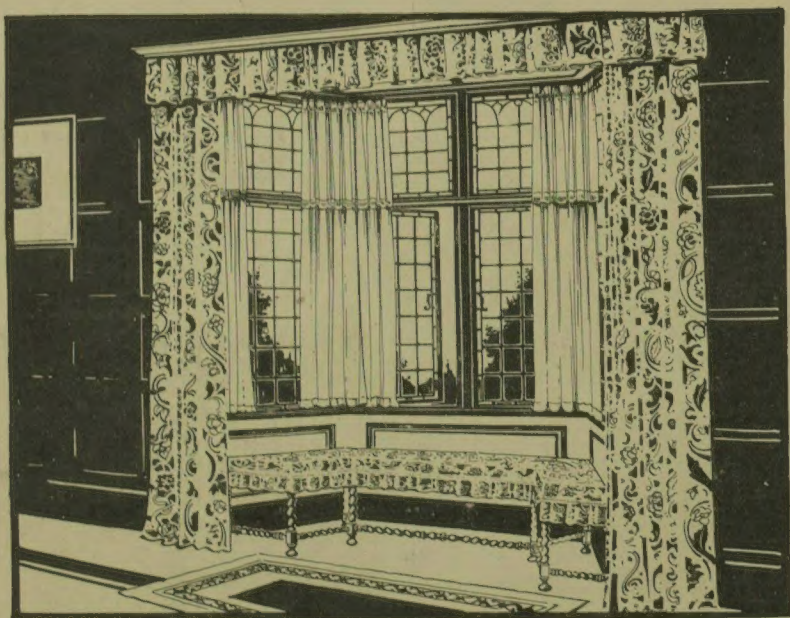
ONE OF MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.'S NEW PIANOFORTE GALLERIES.

Such has been the progress of the famous music firm of Messrs. Chappell and Co. that they were compelled to reconstruct and enlarge their premises at 50, New Bond Street. The new saloons include three Pianoforte Galleries, a Music Room, an Ante-Room, Concert and Theatre Ticket Office, and Music Shop. The firm display in these spacious show-rooms every variety from the cottage piano to the full concert grand. They hold testimonials from Dr. Richard Strauss and Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus, the well-known pianist.

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Both are unique mixtures of choice quality, and are obtainable everywhere.

1-oz. packets, 7d.; 2-oz. tins, 1/2;
4-oz. tins, 2/3.

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THE MELODANT The glorious possibilities of the "ANGELUS" Piano-Player have been still further enhanced by the introduction of the newly-invented Patent Melodant Expression Device, which gives to the Angelus just that exquisite human-like effect and independence of touch, which marks the performance of the accomplished pianist. The Melodant will unerringly emphasise each individual melody note, thus making the theme stand out clear and distinct above the accompaniment, whether in the midst of a chord, or interwoven with musical ornamentation.

THE PHRASING LEVER, the marvelous device controlling every variation of tempo, enabling the performer to answer perfectly the technical, intellectual, and emotional demands of the most simple or difficult music. The other exclusive devices of the Angelus all combine to render it the pre-eminent Player-Piano, notably the TOUCH BUTTONS, for bringing out the beauties of any melody at will, and the DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS, which impart the pliant, resilient, human-like touch to the keys.

ANGELUS BRINSMEAD PLAYER-PIANO combines all the greatest features of two world-renowned instruments in one case. The result is unrivalled touch, tone, and expression. The Angelus is also embodied in pianos of other eminent makers. The

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MEANING OF A FLOWER.

THE near advent of summer arouses us to appreciate the fact that Dame Nature has been preparing her forces for the great work of life's renewal and

putting off till to-morrow of that which should be done to-day in her arrangements for the perpetuation of the life she controls. Each flower blooms forth at its appointed time, lays itself out to discharge the duties incumbent upon it, and often, despite unfavourable days, nights, and seasons, continues to discharge its duty as a means of continuing its race in time. The average mortal regards flowers mostly in an æsthetic sense. They minister to his delight, and add a glory to the dullness of the earth whence they spring. The botanist, on the other hand, while appreciating to the full the beauty involved in his studies, views the floral display after another fashion, and after a mode which leads him well into the mysteries of vital continuity.

The meaning of a flower is found in the part it plays in the reproduction of its race. Death mows down the serried ranks of plants and animals alike with unsparing hand. Vitality is a matter of time, and "length of days" is an entirely relative term when applied either to the stately Sequoia, that lifts its lofty crest a couple of hundred feet above the Californian soil, and to the annual that, born in the spring, dies ere summer tints the fields with golden glow. Madre Natura, with her watchful eye, ensures that in each case there shall be the contribution of the individual to the life that is to come. Once a species dies out it never reappears. This is the contingency Nature has ever to face. The plant that fails to produce seeds to reproduce its kind, will share the fate of the mammoth, the dodo, and the "dragons of the prime," that disported their bulk in the seas of Mesozoic times. It is to this end, that of perpetuation, that the flowers bud and bloom; and every flower we see is only a decorative attraction which shall enlist the sympathies and labours of the insect world in aiding the great work of continuing that which has been, onwards, to represent the will be of future days and years.

For the purpose of a flower is to attract the insects—ministers

of the plant world. Not only the hue of the petals, but even the splashes and dots of colour that mark them by erratic disposition as it were, fulfil the ministering spirit as guides to the insect in its search after honey-stores, whereby it is led unconsciously to carry the pollen or fertilising dust from one flower to another, and thus by cross-fertilisation to strengthen the breed. For flower-bearing plants are insect-fertilised in the main. Some there are which can fertilise themselves, but whether this is a survival of a pristine habit, or an evolution illustrating self-help and the culture of the glories of floral independence, is hard to say. Your oaks, and pines and willows, and drab-dressed plants at large, where no flowers of conspicuous kind exist, are wind-fertilised. The breezes blow the pollen, made lighter than that of insect-fertilised plants, for miles over the earth's surface, and the yellow dust is showered

[Continued overleaf.]



Photo. Scherl.

A STARTING-POINT FOR FEATHERED SPIES, THE CAGE FROM WHICH CAMERA-CARRYING PIGEONS ARE FLOWN.

It will be remembered that we illustrated recently the camera that is carried by pigeons, and that automatically takes photographs of the ground over which the bird flies—one of the newest ideas in warfare. We are now able to give this photograph of the cage on lazy-tongs from which the birds are flown.

continuance. In the early spring, even, the blossoming of the flowers reminds us that Nature is ever in an anticipatory mood. She leaves nothing to chance. Her ways are definitely ordered. There is no *mañana*, no



Photo. Farwell.

WEATHER-PROPHET EXTRAORDINARY TO THE AMERICAN "M.P.": THE SPECIAL WEATHER-MAP IN THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

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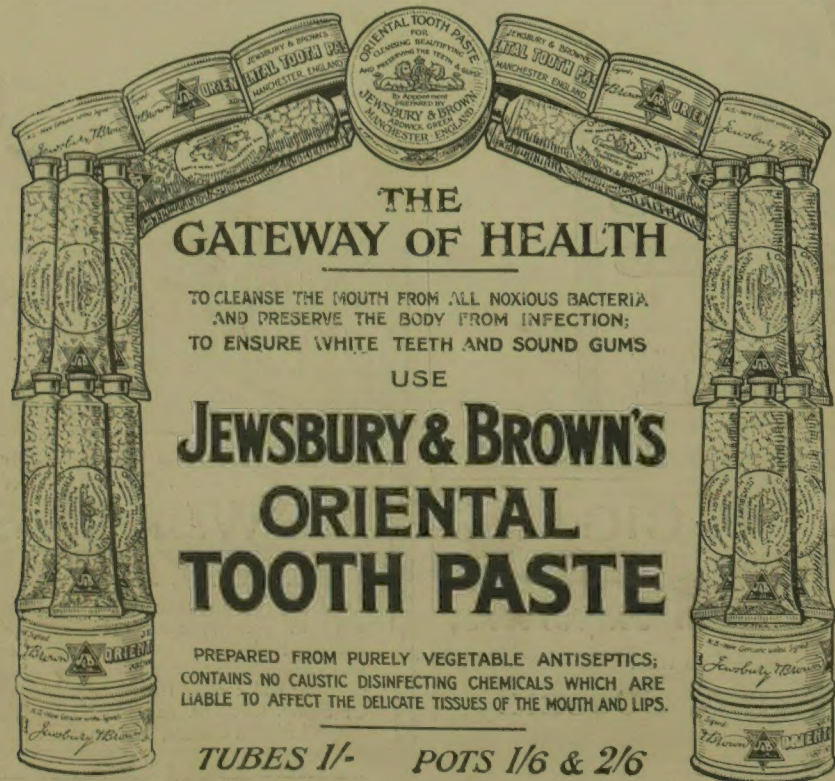
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